

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY  
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

FOR 1935

*By*

ATHIE SALE DAVIS

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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
NEWSPAPER VERSE

For 1935

An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment  
of the American People

Seventeenth Annual Edition

Illustrated

*Edited by*  
ATHIE SALE DAVIS

ENID, OKLAHOMA  
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## FOREWORD

This volume marks the seventeenth annual issue of Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse.

There is a wonderful fascination in the study of newspaper verse, the field is large and it is growing larger with each year. The first volume contained a "Year Book of Newspaper Poetry," but this was discontinued after the first year because we found it practically impossible to list all the verse appearing in newspapers.

During the past years many newspapers have added poetry columns and poets are finding a large and appreciative audience among the newspaper readers.

I believe that it would be practically impossible for one person to see and read every poem appearing in every newspaper of the United States during any one given year, but were it possible to do so it certainly would be a very interesting experience.

This year, through the courtesy of newspapers, columnists and authors I have received several thousand poems from which to make selections.

There were a great many poems written to Will Rogers and Wiley Post, ranging in style from the polished to the vernacular,—all expressing real sentiment for these two beloved Americans and deep appreciation of their achievements.

A large number of poems on War stressed war's horror and carried a plea for peace. The Armistice and Decoration Day poems carried a general trend along this line as well as memorial for the dead, and valiant acclaim for the living soldiers.

The poems to Mother appeared not only on Mother's Day, but quite regularly thru the year, as did also poems to children and of child interests.

Poems are seldom tabulated under a given head unless the same subject appears by different authors in several papers. It was with some surprise that I found Fairies and Elves appearing in the poems this year.

As usual there were poems about animals, gardens, flowers and trees. The months and the seasons also received their full quota of verse.

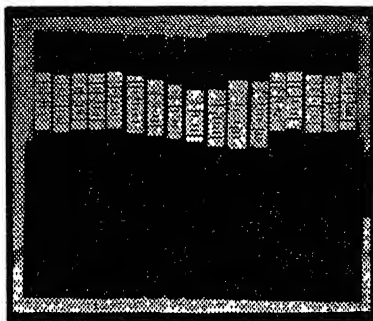
Poems of friendship quite frequently carried memorials of departed friends.

The religious trend of thought ran as a fine thread thru the verse of the year.

Newspaper poetry voices the real sentiment of the American people; of that there can be no doubt. And many of the poems appearing in the newspapers are of high literary merit,—if you question this statement just begin glancing thru the newspapers for the poetry before you read the headlines and the editorials.

ATHIE SALE DAVIS.

*Enid, Oklahoma.*



### NEWSPAPER VERSE

Hid in a line or two  
Something that's more than true;  
Something we have in mind  
Someone would like to find.

Something that rings a bell  
Inside of you as well,  
Some half-remembered lay:  
"Just what I meant to say."

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.*

*F. J. Earl.*

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## MUFFLED FINGERS

Out in the woods we see Mid-summer go  
With muffled fingers on the earth,  
Through forest windows framed with golden boughs  
We see the mellowed blue through floating mist,  
And Indian Summer, trailing through the ferns  
Laden with variegated autumn leaves  
And crowned with berries of the bittersweet.

The last blue gentian standing by the trail  
Has straggling leaves and blossoms fairy blue.  
The low, soft sigh—the breathing of the earth,  
Crickets rasping in the grass, the thud of nuts,  
Proclaim to us transitions yet to be.  
Each sound is hushed. The rustling of dried leaves,  
Wind-wispred, are falling softly, and floating away.

The silent brook, in sagging silver flowing,  
Reflects new vistas on its upturned face.  
The Queen of Heaven glides across the earth,  
Pausing beside the shining mirror brook  
She sees her own effulgent self reflected there,  
As we see self in eyes of those we love.  
Muffled fingers press against her breast—  
Muffled fingers wave a long fare-well.

*The Albany (Ga.) Herald. Stella Flowers Hastings.*  
*"The Red Kite", September, 1935.*

## THE ARMY WAGON

I met a memory of another day,—  
A canvas covered wagon on its way  
Came dashing through a dark road set with trees.  
Quick as a flash, and far away from these,  
Through recollection's eyes I saw again  
Shell-darkened gas-filled skies; a deep-trenched plain,  
A wagon on a muddy, tree-lined road,  
A red-crossed canvas sheltering its load;  
And to my heart there came a sudden sound  
Of agony—above a long-healed wound.

*The Albany (Ga.) Herald. Kate Rennie Archer.*  
*April 23, 1935.*

## HARBOR

The purple ship of silence  
Sails on a golden sea,  
And little waves of violet  
Toss it pleasantly.  
And from the shores of silver  
Will rise the sunset gleam,  
And fairy hands of welcome,  
The island of my dream!

*Anthony F. Klinkner.*

*The Allamakee Journal & Lansing (Iowa) Mirror.*  
*May 22, 1935.*

## GOOD BYE CABIN

Little cabin in the wildwood  
Standing on a gentle slope  
Where so oft has happy childhood  
Wrought some fancy weft of hope.

Little Mecca of their dreamland  
Where life's clock was always noon,  
Where the fancies of their dreamland  
Floats adown the stream too soon.

There our cares were lost in pleasure  
Of a museful questful kind;  
There our cups were made to measure  
Golden treasures of the mind.

There we met the God of Heaven  
And we worshipped at His shrine;  
Heard His voice in thunder riven  
And His whisperings divine.

Read His Word, and thought together  
On the wonders of His plan  
Of redemption from the heather  
And the mire about the man.



There we heard the forest vesper  
In the stilly hours of night  
When the golden orb of Hesper  
Shed upon us wondrous light.

Good-bye cabin by the highway  
Worn to dust beneath the wheel,  
While near by the leafy by-way  
Greets no more our shodden heel.

Stand there in thy whited vesture  
Drink the love lilt of the sky.  
Pointing with some silent vesture  
To the weary passer by

How to reach the Highland Gardens  
Just beyond Life's rocky road,  
Where the watchful angel wardens  
Lift your cloak, and take your load.

*The American Friend.*  
September 19, 1935.

*Henry Coffin Fellow.*

## RECOGNITION

Without ado, before the day,  
My dear went on ahead;  
It seemed a foolish thing to me,  
Folks saying he was dead,  
Until the hours in their frail hands  
Had gathered in the days . . .  
But now I know their statement true,  
Because the aching stays.

*The Arkansas Democrat.*  
"Arkansographs", September 8, 1935.

*Idelle Shaver.*

1917-1935  
OVER THERE

He stood, one day, upon the firing line,  
His young eyes visioning the depths of hell,  
And gave his gallant youth for me and mine—  
While 'round about him countless comrades fell.

THE RETURN

His broken body held his tortured soul—  
Held fast to it, and would not let it go.  
He lives today upon a nation's dole  
And sees again the war-clouds hanging low.

A PRAYER

Lord, may we not so soon forget the cost!  
Grant that our battle-flags be not unfurled,  
Lead us in ways of peace, lest we be lost;  
Restore to sanity a war-mad world.

*The Berkeley (Calif.) Gazette.*  
*June 15, 1935.*

*Torrey Conner*

NO CAUSE FOR QUARREL

I have no cause for quarrel with the gods.  
When it was dark, and most incredible  
A star could shine,  
For me one star was given,  
And for a moment, eloquent and full,  
One love was mine.  
I have no quarrel with heaven,  
Who in my time of stress  
Flung me a star,  
Whereof I wear, for its withdrawn caress,  
This very brilliant scar.

*The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier.*

*Loverne Wilson.*

*"The Poetic Viewpoint", January 5, 1935.*

## "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE"

Thank you, god of fashion,  
Who made it permissible for me  
To impose upon my mouth  
This nonchalant bow of scarlet.

I am brave, masked by my boldly painted mouth;  
No longer seeking walls  
To put my back against,  
Or to hide behind.  
Corners are only corners  
Not places in which to cower.

The more vivid my lips  
The more easily can I ignore  
My run-over heels—  
And my coat that is five years old!

*The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Grace Graham Minard.  
"The Poetic Viewpoint", February 9, 1935.*

## INHERITANCE

To count inheritance in terms,  
Of coffers full of tainted gold.  
To measure life by flimsy creeds,  
Or shade the truth with falsehoods told,

Records a life untrue to God  
Who made us heirs to Heaven's grace  
His richest blessings on us shed  
That we might see Him face to face.

Inheritance must mean, dear Lord,  
That we accept the Savior's plan.  
He bore the cross and died for us  
For each and every sinful man.

*The Blackwell (Okla.) Tribune. Gertrude E. Major.  
"In the Poet's Corner."*

## I AM THE VINE, YE ARE THE BRANCHES

I'm part of God's great will;  
My life to live,  
My best to give:  
His purpose to fulfill.

I'm here, rich fruit to bear;  
In Christ the Vine,  
His life is mine;  
His blessed joy to share.

And this, my heavenly task;  
In Christ abide,  
In Him confide;  
God gives whate'er I ask.

'Tis Heaven here below,  
Just day by day,  
Go on my way,  
His life, His love to know.

*The Blackwell (Okla.) Tribune. D. L. Edwards.  
August 4, 1935.*

## DROUTH

It was the year the drouth killed all the corn,  
And grass was burned into a brittle crisp;  
The leaves just shriveled up, an ugly brown  
A month before their time, came tumbling down.  
The hot winds scattered lifeless drifts of dust,  
While cloudless skies spread out before the sun.  
The streams that flowed were muddy-like, and small,  
Unusual weather and hard times were all  
That people talked of. Every mile or two  
Lay fields at waste, save for a useless crop  
That only nature-hearts might feast upon,  
The prairie sunflowers, streaching far and near  
Yielding abundant gold in the scant year.

*Billy B. Cooper.  
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.  
"Golden Windows", December 19, 1935.*

## AFTER DIVORCE

883317  
I love you, now that interest should cease,  
And though I seem to play a fickle part,  
It is no youthful whim or bold caprice.  
You had no soul until I broke your heart!

Rehge L. Rolle.

883317  
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.  
"Golden Windows", December 5, 1935.

## OLD SHOES

883317  
I see them . . . as she left them.  
Her old "Comfortables"  
She called them.  
The little knob at the side  
Was where her bunion had eased itself.  
Each curve of her poor, tired feet  
Had left its mark inside.  
Empty shoes . . . never to be worn again  
Was the verdict?

883317  
Not so . . .  
When they had her ready . . .  
Beneath all the finery  
Of burial clothes . . .  
Her feet rested in her old "Comfortables".

883317  
In the Garden, with Him,  
She'd want them . . . her feet were . . .  
Always . . . so tired.  
I am sure He would understand.

883317  
The Bonner Springs (Ark.) Chieftain. Rose Porter.  
"Golden Windows", December 12, 1935.

## SEAWEED

The water lifts  
The seaweed,  
As it drifts

About  
My ankles,  
In and out,

I wish that I could stay  
And forever  
Feel it sway.

*Katherine Washburn Harding.*

*The Boston (Mass.) Herald.*

*"Top o' the Morning", August, 1935.*

## TALKING PICTURE

Today I found a snap of you  
That made me stop and stare.  
It seemed as if your image smiled,—  
That you were really there.

And I sat remembering  
The time, the place, the day,  
I wondered why such happy times  
Should have to pass away.

I wondered, too, if pictures talked,  
What yours would say to me;  
Perhaps you'd smile and chat a bit  
So very casually.

And then, again, your eyes might light  
The way they used to do,  
And you would whisper tenderly  
That you remembered, too.

*The Boston (Mass.) Post.*

*"All Sorts", November 29, 1935.*

*K. M. Ryan.*

## DEAR HEART AMONG THE FLOWERS

Upon the River's verdant banks  
Where colors never fade;  
Where consciousness is purified  
And lovelier souls are made  
The twelve trees stand in lasting bloom  
O'er which no tempest lowers  
And you may pluck the summer fruits  
Dear Heart among the flowers.

There labor is a holy thing  
Where tread no weary feet;  
Some sow, some water, place the wreaths  
Before the Mercy Seat.  
The Gardener passing on His rounds  
Speaks through the summer hours:  
I see you've learned to tend them well,  
Dear Heart among the flowers.

Her comrade and the little lad  
They're very happy now,  
To them it never seemed like home  
Till mother came, somehow.  
She finds there's nothing perisheth  
That God with life endowers  
So sends a smile adown the dales,  
Dear Heart among the flowers.

*The Bottineau (N. D.) Courant. Flora Cameron Burr.  
November 8, 1935.*

## THE COMMON LOT

Daily it dawns upon me, more and more,  
(Since Time has cooled the heart that once was hot  
And dulled the gold of dreams so bright before),  
That I am doomed to share the common lot!

Dim are the visions that I saw of yore;  
And faint the songs that singing voices brought;  
Oblivion's waters wash my sterile shore  
And I am doomed to share the common lot!

Since niggard Fortune bars so soon her door,—  
And others win what we so oft have sought,—  
And bright Success denies us evermore,  
What then is left us but the common lot?

Fortune is partial; to the favored few  
She yields the blessing multitudes have sought;  
And all too many learn what Esau knew,  
And have for heritage the common lot!

“What is the common lot?” you ask, and I  
Who know the world thro’ having walked therein,  
And eaten of its heritage, make reply:  
“To learn one day the hollowness of sin!

“To find the apple wormy at the core;  
To see our rivals reap where we have wrought;—  
To sleep and wake, and sleep and wake no more;—  
In this dull world, that is the common lot!”

*The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.*

## WINTER IDYLL

In other days, when we were young, my dear,  
The winter caused us neither pain nor fear.  
Robustly out across the fields we’d go  
And never care that temperatures were low.  
Through ten foot drifts we’d gaily plunge and leap—  
No wind too boisterous, no hill too steep,  
No upland meadow spread itself too wide  
As long as we could cross it, side by side.

Oh well! Those days are gone forever. Now  
Beside the fire we hear the winter’s row,  
And thank our stars we need not venture forth!  
The snow is deep, and blown from out the north  
The wind comes drafty round the weather strips.  
How foreign to our thought are snow-shoe trips!  
But after all, we do not mind the weather  
Since we can grumble over it—together.

*The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer.*

*Alice Perry.*



## ST. PATRICK

Once to the shores of Erin he came;  
Brought a captive, but not of shame;  
Then years he spent at a menial task  
And faithfully did the chores they asked.  
At length he was taken to lands away,  
Where learning he gained and time to pray,  
But his heart was fixed on Erin's shore  
And the people his life had known before.

Then came a day when the Pope sent him  
To combat a heresy, dark and dim,  
Which steadily smouldered through Erin's land—  
The task needed one who could understand  
The land and its people, so Patrick went  
And valiantly there his days were spent.

And churches rose up on every hand  
With doctrines easy to understand.  
Old depressed Ireland looked up and smiled  
As he spoke of the Father, Spirit and Child,  
And showed them plainly by Shamrock green  
How simple the truth they had never seen.

*The Buffalo (N. Y.) News.*                      *Phoebe A. Naylor.*  
*March 16, 1935.*

## TRANSFIGURED

Yesterday  
A red leaf quivered  
(Did Death whisper to it?)  
And fell  
(Did the branch grieve?)

Today  
The last red leaf fell  
(Tree, why did you give away all earthly apparel?)  
Now empty arms are uplifted to the sky  
(Are you asking a robe of God?)

Look . . . . .  
Snow is falling  
More softly than baby steps.  
(I beg forgiveness, tree.  
Who am I to question you!  
You are a nun clad in white . . . . .  
Ave Maria.)

*The Carmel (Calif.) Pine Cone.*  
*January 4, 1935.*

*Leonard Cooper*

## SKEPTIC

I do not trust thee, Life, I never will;  
For though you woo me now, and lover-wise  
Heap in my outstretched arms all things I prize,  
Unhesitating every wish to fill,  
I have before observed the wooer's skill,  
Have seen him lavish gifts until the eyes  
Whose faith he sought to gain no more disguise  
A faint distrust, but gaze forth sure and still.

Then have I seen the disillusionment  
When tired of his conquest, he drifts on  
And leaves with empty arms the estwhile pet  
More desolate than ever, anguish rent  
And unprepared. But I, when fortune's gone,  
Shall laugh—because forewarned, without regret.

*The Carmel (Calif.) Pine Cone.*    *Bernice Carey Fitch.*  
*April 19, 1935.*

## THE ROAD ENCLOSED

There is one road he may not understand  
Who knows but paven street and money mart.  
Though with the courage of a lion-heart  
He storms quixotic windmils, and command  
Armies of men, his rule is contraband  
Where thrives a sterner Rule, but nobler art  
Than all he knew. Here, silent, and apart,  
Rulers, unrecognized, of his fatherland.

Their realm a claustral close, arcaded walk  
Is all their royal progress, and for birds  
The seven-times-daily praises of their King.  
Yet in their intercessions' voice, that talk  
Does more for man than streets, or trades, or words.  
Their mute road is a heaven-speaking thing.

*The Catholic Standard and Times.* Benjamin Musser.  
March 8, 1935.

## BEHAVIOR

It's not the man  
We ought to prize,  
'Tis what is called behavior.  
There's not a man  
That we should hate,  
It's but again, behavior.

With kindly thoughts  
In devil's care  
And God and Satan ever there,  
It's not the man  
We ought to prize,  
'Tis what is called behavior.

If God is all,  
And Satan nil,  
Unselfishness and beauty's will,  
'Tis then the man—but not our man  
It's God Himself—the Savior!

*The Catholic Tribune.* John Harsen Rhoades.  
May 19, 1935.

## CHARM

A face of flowering loveliness  
That time has put to bloom;  
A soul in lavender and lace,  
That lends to life perfume,  
And makes a lovely picture  
To weave within the loom.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.* Magda Brandon.  
"Choir Practice", August 9, 1935.

## BEGGAR

She stood a frosty moment at the door  
Saying within: "Oh well, he's just one more!"  
How bitterly these eastern winds could blow.  
Ought she indeed have let the fellow go?  
He was so young. She watched him down the street,  
His head held high, the stride of an athlete.  
The wind had tossed his heavy rumpled hair,  
Snow on his shoulders, shoddy coat threadbare.  
Somehow, was it the way he held his head?  
"Come here. Come back a moment, Boy" she said,.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Anne Southerne Tardy.*  
"Choir Practice", November 7, 1935.

## PENTECOSTAL PRAYER FOR A LEADER

We do not pray that his may be  
The gift of tongues, to set aflame  
The hearts and minds of followers,  
And win for him their wide acclaim.

For this we ask at Pentecost:  
The Holy Spirit's guiding light,  
So he, for all our people's sake,  
May see the way to judge aright.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Emma Johnston.*  
"Choir Practice", August 9, 1935.

## MUSING

Musing in the moonlight, gazing up on high,  
Wondering at the Star-dust planeting the sky;  
Sighting one, bediaconéd, blinking at my plight,  
Twinkling me a message in coded notes of light.

Sort of got to thinking where my soul might go  
When it leaves its mortal home biding here below;  
Noting how the Milky Way arches 'cross the dome;  
Hoping perhaps my soul may dwell in a starlit home.

Picking out a brilliant star for my soul's long rest;  
Pondering where to join loved ones whose passing has  
    been blest.

Conscious only of this thought; "God the Spirit gave,  
He, in love, receives it soon; He defies the grave".

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.* Edwin Coulson Clark.  
"Choir Practice", June 15, 1935.

## JANUARY

A northern winter quickly swoops  
    Like white gyrfalcon wings;  
The birch with silver head now droops  
    With snowy offerings.

Unlike the winter all unfurled  
    Love always makes a rift;  
My hands would hold before the world  
    A warm and golden gift.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.* Myrtle Alice McCarcy.  
"Choir Practice", February, 1935.

## THE BLOSSOMY HEART

Courage said to me this morning,  
    "I'll companion you all day,  
Up! and do your best, stop scorning  
    Skies of gray."

Faith came next and whispered to me,  
    "If your heart be true,  
Skies of gray can be as lovely  
    As skies of blue."

Then came prayer and breathed upon me  
    Till my heart like spring,  
Awoke, and flushed each grief-dark tree  
    With starry blossoming.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.* Mary Pollard Tynes.  
"Choir Practice", December 13, 1935.

## THE OPEN HEART

This doorstep knows the marks of many feet  
That linger at the warming fire within.  
In there old friends and new alike may meet  
Where drinks of kindness make them all akin,  
Whence each may go, reluctant to depart,  
With clearer, gladder eyes and warmer heart.

This house is built beside the high road wide  
Where people go and come from here and there,  
And all who will may haply turn aside  
For rest and cheer. I know not any where  
A heart so great as this: in cold and storm,  
Whose door will open and whose fire is warm.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Pen Edward Watson.  
"Choir Practice", December 13, 1935.*

## JASMINE AND RUE

And though you hold so very much of me  
And we have walked a fairy road to find  
The uttermost of life's enthralling sweet,  
And gathered it, I know I shall not bind  
Your errant heart; nor shall I be a slave—  
A captive, golden-chained at passion's grave.

The fire that burns so ardently today  
Before our idols, carved and set with jade,  
Will sometime die with scarce a lingering glow;  
For what is lit must burn, and burning—fade!  
And you will leave me then, yourself heart-whole,  
But I must answer to my weary soul.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Amy Bower.  
"Choir Practice", June, 1935.*

## AWAKENING

I strolled across my garden plot  
A tiny flower-crowded spot  
And looked about in sheer disgust  
That Fate had been so mean, unjust,  
To dole out such a meager bit  
Of yellow clay and make of it  
My only spot to till and sow  
When great fields should be mine I know.

I strolled on through my house and there  
A feathered minstrel filled the air  
With a wood-note cadence serenade  
That seemed to drift from a far-off glade,  
And yet, he had no glorious view  
Of trees or sun or skies of blue.  
I looked upon my plot again  
And saw it was a vast domain.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.*      *Ara McCray Crull.*  
"Choir Practice", August 9, 1935.

## MEN WILL BE FREE

When men, in peace, in quiet paths may walk,  
Feel poignant kinship to winged and furred things,  
With hearts, wind-free, hear the free waters talk,  
And sit, attuned to earth's soft whisperings;  
May note each stroke of color in a wood,  
And mark how glint and shadow tint and stain  
This canvas and as a lover know it is good,  
A finished gift that he may hold again;  
A place of thrilling, strange discovery,  
A glamorous vista as open as the sky,  
Which only the unchained and uncaged heart may see,  
And enter only the unclouded eye;  
When men may look on nature intimately,  
As winged and furred things look, they will be free.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.*      *Alex R. Schmidt.*  
"Choir Practice", November 7, 1935.

## HOUSE OF DREAMS

I am building a house of myriad hues  
More frail than the blossoms of spring,  
But enduring and strong as memories  
That play on a tired heart-string.

It is fashioned from chords of melody,  
Its windows are fires of dawn  
And its roof is shingled of April's winds  
Whose fragrance is heavenward borne.

Where is this gossamer house of dreams,  
This shimmering, radiant whole?  
It will stand to the rim of eternity,  
It is built in the depths of my soul.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Etta Josephean Murfey.*  
"Choir Practice."

## ONLY ENDURING

One can break under mortal woe, but mend  
In the immortal promise; one can feel  
Long but the joy and hurt of commonweal,  
Yet in one's hour of recollection rend  
All from that sentience that on earth contend  
Against the lasting. Let my senses steal  
Back to the silence; let my laggard heel  
Follow anew the only enduring Friend.

What are these gestures, that they offer charms  
To sons of men? The Son of Man had need  
Neither their warmth nor salace, for a stone  
Was His repose, and His embracing arms  
Cherished a cross. They love, but He could bleed;  
They live together, He could die alone.

*The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer. Benjamin Musser.*  
"Charmed Circle", March 10, 1935.



## GULLS

There is something swift and lovely  
About the singing way  
The waters of a fountain lift  
And curve, by night, by day.

But lovelier than silver arc  
Where singing fountains rise,  
Are fountains made of pallid wings  
Against noon's cobalt skies.

*John Richard Moreland.*

*The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

*"The Charmed Circle", January 1, 1935.*

## SONG OF HOPE

Exquisite spring will soon be here;  
O heart, awake from sorrow's thrall,  
O eyes, all eagerly look out  
Where myriad crystal raindrops fall  
Upon the tender, greening things  
To bring them into bud and bloom,  
And flood, with loveliness, a world

Long bound in winter's dreary tomb.  
O heart, forget your gray despair,  
Forget your days of dark and pain;  
O soul, lift up, in quick response  
To song, and blossom, sun and rain!

*The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer. Ellen M. Carroll.*

## LIFE IS A TEACHER

What have I learned?  
To take and give,  
To forget much,  
And to forgive.  
To read the clouds  
Across the skies,  
And fathom Love

In lovers' eyes.  
To know that something  
Near to pain  
Is close-related  
To the rain.  
I have built houses,  
Planted trees,  
And scribbled verses  
Poor as these.  
I've pinned my faith  
In Man and Heaven,  
And daily sinned  
Seven times seven.  
Oh, I am learned—  
(And clever, too—)  
But . . . I don't know  
MYSELF . . . do you?

*The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.*  
"A Line o' Type or Two", January 23, 1935.

## ROADS

Roads arouse my interest  
And I'm eager to explore  
Their vanishing silver ribbons,  
But paths intrigue me more.

A winding little lane  
Where wild birds choose to nest  
In the shelter of a thicket  
Somehow suits me best.

Along its tranquil way  
Red rambler roses twine,  
And at every sylvan bend  
Some new delight I find.

Great roads built by man  
With power and people teem,  
But lanes are left for those  
Who seek a place to dream.

*The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Milly Walton.*  
"Wake of the News", January 24, 1935.

## PICKING BUTTONS

The cherry tree 's a picture  
In stylish coat of green,  
With shining buttons, round and red  
The loveliest I've seen.  
If they're not sewed securely—  
Before tomorrow night,  
With ladders, boys and robins,  
There'll not be one in sight!

*The Chicago (Ill.) News.* Margaret Marquart.  
"The Wake of the News", July 3, 1935.

## TENEMENT

How good it is  
We can not dwell  
Upon this earth for aye.

Eternal homes  
Need to be built  
Of better things than clay.

*Ruth Winslow Gordon.*  
*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.*

## WORDS

A word well spoken is as furbished gold;  
Yet brooked might be the one not aptly said,  
For tongue is trammled by a heart grown cold,  
And cloistered in an over-prudent head.  
Though awkward and though leaden be instead,  
A word is still a word if but the least,  
And silence will be kept when one is dead;  
The mute are kindred to the ones deceased—  
'Tis speech that marks the gap between mankind and  
beast.

*J. W. Whitehouse.*  
*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.*

## SEVEN ROSES

If they had not been crimson,  
And satin to the touch,  
Or had there not been seven,  
It would not matter much;

But seven had a message  
That no one ever knew,  
So seven crimson roses  
Could come from only you.

These years I've spent forgetting  
Would not have been so hard,  
Except for seven roses  
That came without a card.

Louise Cain Gardner.

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.*

## RETURNING TRAVELERS

Will Rogers—Wiley Post

Back, back across the Arctic sky they came,  
Back from their far—and last—adventuring,  
Still carried by the airplane's fragile wing  
Above the frozen wastes that bear no name.  
O world that waited, ready to acclaim  
These two, what last enshrinement can you bring  
Except your tears, except remembering!  
How little care they now for praise or fame!

They reached a land transcending all their dreams,  
They met the ultimate adventure there;  
But, home again, their quiet lips unfold  
No story of their questing. Strange it seems!  
Found they all words unworthy theme so fair,  
The mysteries too splendid to be told?

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.* B. Y. Williams.

## THE PORTER

*Porter, whence and whither your track?*

It comes from behind the mountain's face,  
And he who travels must have good shoon,  
For it goes under the ragged rack,  
East of the sun and west of the moon,  
And out of the mornings of the race,  
Into the dusk and the bivouac.

*Porter, what do you bear in your pack?*

I carry the restless heart of man,  
His questing mind and his trading soul,  
What he would have and what he may lack,  
And the thing they call the Social Whole;  
Long is the journey and far the khan,  
But I go on till the heavens crack.

*Clark B. Firestone.*

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.*

## MY HOUSE

I have built me a house, not of wood or of brick,  
Nor with mortar is it held together;  
But my house is made of things that will stick  
By me through all kinds of weather.

It's a house built of hearts, and of kind thoughts and  
deeds;

There's a garden with Love for a border;  
I walk in it daily and pull up the weeds,  
It's the only way one can keep order.

A pond where forget-me-nots grow on the brink,  
They will ever be fresh, never wilt,  
A bench in the shade where I sit and I think—  
Such is the place I have built.

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.    Jessie Farnham.*

## BITTER-SWEET

For every shadow on the heart,  
For every slight or pain,  
Some compensating grace is sent  
To even the score again.

Glad sunlight follows the shower,  
Tenderness wipes out pain,  
And a rainbow sparkles alike  
Whether viewed through tears or rain.

*Helen Darby Berning.*

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.*

## FIRST GRIEF

Death had never touched me,  
I was very brave;  
With philosophy I saw  
Well beyond the grave.

Now that Death has passed here  
And has shown his face,  
Since a dearly loved one  
Faltered—matched his pace—

All Death's dreadful power  
Is revealed to me;  
Not content with priceless loot,  
He took youth's certainty.

*Annette Patton Cornell.*

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.*

## LIFE

Life is a calendar,  
Each day we turn,  
Leaf after leaf,  
Till the end we discern.

*Naomi Evans Vaughn.*

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

## SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS

I know just why his words are great;  
It is because his ways are kind.  
He has no time to harbor hate  
Within the high walls of his mind!

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.* Mildred Schanck.  
"A Verse for Today", August 12, 1935.

## CHALLENGE TO TIME

I dream, alone, in contemplation here,  
On proof, I say, all years are passing strange.  
I could not fathom waters, black and clear,  
Or bracken kiss of Circe Death's cold change;  
Or folly learned savants' probing knife  
Which seeks to find, beneath, the basic cause,  
And probing, comes at length to see in life  
No strophé, accent, metaphor or pause,  
Only unpatterned beat of joy and pain;  
So, I, too,—untutored, have scanned, questing  
For rigid rhythm, line by line, in vain.  
Yet, this, I have heard above the doggerel jesting  
And over all—in undertones sublime . . .  
He wastes his breath who stars his path by Time!

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*  
January 1, 1935. Florence Ralston Werum.

## IN MEMORY

Let long years pass, as pass they will,  
You are a voice beloved still.  
Time in its mercy cannot bring  
More than a calm to remembering.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.* Robert Schreffler.  
November 10, 1935.

## A TRIBUTE

To "Billy" Ireland

The God of Laughter fashioned him,  
And gave him heart, and eye,  
And hand a troubled world to limn  
As it was passing by.

He looked at Life with youthful zest  
And saw the joy it held;  
He pierced the gloom and found the jest  
That many a laugh compelled.

He saw the beautiful and good  
And, with his pen and ink,  
Said what so many others would,  
If they had stopped to think.

He saw the things we should have seen  
And did not, being blind;  
He taught the sin of being mean,  
The joy of being kind.

At times he preached a sermon, strong  
As pulpit ever spake,  
Or stirred the heart, as only song  
Of righteousness can shake.

He lingered with us for awhile,  
And made a clearing here  
For all of us to grow a smile  
Where else had been a tear.

So we, in grief, surrender him,  
His heart, his hand, his eye,  
That he another world may limn  
As it is passing by.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Osman C. Hooper.*



## EVENING ON THE LAKE

Music floats through the rustling leaves,  
 As whispering winds waft a cooling breeze,  
 Through rifted clouds the moon shines bright  
 Casting a shimmering path of light  
 Across the rippling waters blue.

All nature is so still and sweet,  
 Save for the waves that break at our feet—  
 Ceaselessly lapping the rocky shore  
 Washing it cleaner than it was before,  
 Then slowly receding again from view.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Ethel Titus Worthen.*  
*"A Verse for Today", September 16, 1935.*

## NIGHTFALL

This is the hour, of all, the loveliest,  
 If day's deep wound has left an ugly scar:  
 Though grief hangs heavy curtains in the west,  
 Faith pins them back securely with a star.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*  
*October 2, 1935. Ethel Johnston McNaught.*

## THE CROSS

In hours of grief and pain and loss,  
 I keep a vision of The Cross  
 Within my heart; Gethsemane,  
 My Saviour's grief and agony  
 For sins of men! If He could die  
 To save the souls of men like me,  
 It is no more than fair that I  
 Should know life's full reality!

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Schanck.*  
*"A Verse for Today", April 12, 1935.*

## WIGWAMS

On the top of the hill I suddenly saw,  
As we gradually climbed the steep ascent,  
A row of Indian wigwams stand  
Against the blue of the firmament.

For an instant I hoped to see a brave  
Step from his wigwam to greet the morn,  
But all I heard was the wind's soft voice  
Rustling through the shocks of corn.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Martha Bolton Agler.  
October 28, 1935.*

## WOODLAND ELVES

How lovely is the autumn world tonight;  
A harvest moon smiles down from bluest seas;  
October wind is in a gleeful mood,  
Tossing leaves to every passing breeze.

Restless leaves of red and green and gold—  
Gay laughing woodland elves are these,  
Who dance beneath a million glowing candles,  
When Jack Frost lights the waiting, willing trees.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Elenore Bitler Hunter.  
"A Verse for Today", October 2, 1935.*

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Born, October 27, 1858)

He stands among the mighty men,  
The men who toiled and wrought;  
Intrepid souls, who bravely dared,  
As they Life's battle fought,  
To struggle onward toward the Light,  
Which shed its beams afar  
To guide brave men to mighty deeds,  
A steadfast Polar Star.  
Thank God for the Man, Roosevelt!  
He, the First and the Great,

Who bravely fought with sword and pen,  
Him may we emulate.  
We who followed him now must lead,  
Breasting these fateful days  
As he our sterling chieftain would:  
Face them, and fight always!

*The Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

October 26, 1935.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

## A SCOUT MUST LEARN

A Scout must learn that when she shows  
Her precious badge, it means she knows  
Its symbolism is defined  
By sympathy with humankind,  
And earned through service she bestows.

Not only that she cooks and sews,  
Performs good deeds and mends her clothes,  
But to gain richness of the mind,  
A Scout must learn.

To watch each flower as it grows,  
Find poetry in what seems prose,  
Climb heights, watch sunsets, heal and bind  
A broken limb; and seek to find  
All beauty that Life can disclose,  
A Scout must learn.

*The Cumberland (Md.) News.*  
October 29, 1935.

Sara Roberta Getty.

## ROUND AND ROUND

Progress builds upward, recessions lay low;  
Crumble great nations as lesser ones grow.  
Large and small rivers are lost in the sea;  
Earth will assimilate you as 'twill me.  
Time and much chemistry dial the when,  
Why and for what we start over again.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.*

E. Martin.

Oak Cliff Edition. "March of Events", Nov. 11, 1935.

## BALLAD OF HAILE SELASSIE

I admire the spirit of Haile Selassie,  
He's brave and he's bold, and sometimes sassy;  
Mussolini can't scare him—and what is the reason?  
Haile knows he's safe in the rainy season.  
Il Duce may threaten, but where will he get?  
They can't fight a war while the ground is wet.  
When September comes and the clouds roll away,  
Then Haile may not have such a lot to say;  
When the dry season starts he may be meek,  
His voice may quaver, his knees grow weak:  
He may be as silent as a statue of Buddha;  
But as long as it rains, he's the Lion of Judah.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* *Mason Walsh.*  
*Oak Cliff Edition. "March of Events", July 27, 1935.*

## POET TO A LOVER

Since you have loved me greatly, tell me this:  
Why do you bind my wings, take from me  
My singing gown, light as a lover's kiss?  
Do I not leave you free?  
And if you wish me happy why this door  
That shuts me in to weep, as does the loon,  
Who wails at night along the blackened shore  
After the drowning moon?

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* *Jan I. Fortune.*  
*Oak Cliff Edition. "March of Events", Mar. 12, 1935.*

## DESERT SYMPHONY

From the sloping pine tree shadow,  
Come the everplaintive notes  
Of the lovebirds' prairie singing.  
From their dainty, warbling throats.

Oh, how sweet and yet how mournful,  
For an elemental pain  
Is forever borne in cadence  
That is lilted on the plain.

Though their songs are crudely deadened,  
While the lashing winds give moan,  
And the wistful voice of anguish  
Is now calling out alone.

Yet I hear that sweetest music,  
As the winds go whipping by,  
For I hear that plaintive singing  
Through their everchanging cry.

For those flutelike songs are bringing  
To the heart, the heart of me,  
Once again, that plaintive singing  
Of that desert symphony.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* Clara A. Clausen.  
*Oak Cliff Edition. "Oak Cliff Today", April 25, 1935.*

## FROM THE CANYON'S RIM

My gaze leaped over the sudden rim  
And circled bravely down  
Where, carved by prehistoric whim,  
A thousand dangers frown.

Hushed pyramids of jagged rock,  
Time-chiseled parapets;  
Strange forms that writhe and interlock  
Like dinosaurs in nets.

Brightly enameled cliffs that tower  
In grandeur past belief;  
And dwindling streams that cower  
From the canyon's bas relief.

My gaze then lifted from this gash  
In the earth's fevered breast,  
As hearts recoil from pain's quick lash—  
The meaning all unguessed.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* Marie Barton.  
*"Oak Cliff Edition."*

## SENTENCE

Your lips have spoken—so it must be true,  
And now no longer can a doubt assail  
My fainting spirit—in the rainbow dew,  
The bird note falters—and the rose grows pale;  
Strange that in this green meadow, rich with bloom,  
Mid deep winds keening from the fragrant south,  
One word flung swiftly—should pronounce my doom,  
Hurtled through silence from a heedless mouth;  
Just a brief, cruel whisper—all is told  
To one who journeyed on an empty quest;  
I am as Esau with his birthright sold,  
And grief forever as unwelcome guest;  
Better you slew me with your bare, raised hand,  
Here with dim mists about us floating higher  
To the pale, wistful starlight, while I stand  
Bereft of courage—and the least desire.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* Clare MacDermott.  
*Oak Cliff Edition.* "March of Events", Nov. 15, 1935.

## SPRING ENTANGLEMENT

The birds trill notes of azure,  
While squirrels seize a curve,  
And Zinnias hold council  
Their colors to preserve.

Pale leaves unroll to whisper  
And boast, then dartle green  
And torture every wind-spear  
That hurtles now unseen.

When Spring, with secret antics,  
Begins to smile and play  
I tune my idle harpstrings  
And sing a virelay.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* Gatha Wood Taylor.  
*Oak Cliff Edition.* "March of Events", Feb. 26, 1935.

## TO MY BOY

Out in the jungle of life, my son,  
The man who can fight will win;  
Learn to roll up your sleeves, kid . . .  
And grin broadly as you wade in.

Old Life will give you a wallop or two,  
But learn to strike back on the jaw;  
He will knock you down and laugh at you,  
For such, my boy, is life in the raw.

Forget the applause of the cheering throng,  
When you carried the ball across the line;  
They won't cheer you out there in life—  
Learn to laugh, not to whimper and whine,

Learn to hit with your fist doubled up—  
A right to the jaw, a left to the chin . . .  
Give 'em hell, kid . . . stay in and pitch . . .  
That's the only way life's struggle to win.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. William Allen Ward.  
Oak Cliff Edition. "Oak Cliff Today", Oct. 28, 1935.*

## SKYRIDER

You went in a shroud of glory;  
The world had need of you;  
We would emulate your story,  
We would our grief subdue.

We would understand your going,  
Who had so much to give  
Of truths we should be knowing,  
Deep in the lives we live.

Lean down from the golden casement,  
Sky-rider, roping stars,  
Won't you, and tell us why you went,  
Studding our hearts with stars?

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Daisy Lemon Coldiron.  
Oak Cliff Edition. "March of Events", Nov. 13, 1935.*

## IN MEMORIAM

Dead! Wiley Post dead you say?  
Impossible.—Wiley Post  
Zooms gray stratosphere today.

Zooms and squints his one keen eye  
Blazing air-trails through the sky.  
Wiley Post can never die.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* M. Calcote Harris  
*Oak Cliff Edition. "March of Events", Aug. 19, 1935.*

## TREES

There is a restfulness in trees  
That tired hearts can understand . . .  
Caressed by the sun, rain and breeze  
They sweep the sky and plow the land;  
And bring mankind for his soul's good  
Peace . . . only found in solitude.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* Charles G. Adams.  
*Oak Cliff Edition. "March of Events", Nov. 12, 1935.*

## PLAINS DUSK

The moon has lulled the wind to sleep,  
And the plain is a sage-green sea.  
The sky is mystical, dark and deep,  
And all the stars reach down to me.

I touch their slender pointed tips,  
And my heart feels a warm sweet glow  
That brings a magic song to my lips—  
One only stars and I can know.

*The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.* Ruth Garrison Francis.  
*Oak Cliff Edition. "The Literary Log", June 18, 1935.*



## THE SECRET SHELF

I have put chivalry upon the shelf within my heart  
Where stands the fitful flame of pure belief,  
And idly rest the joys so long deferred  
That they have lost their luster.  
There have I stowed a dear, faint fragrance  
Of freesias, long ago possessed,  
And gentle, broken dreams are there  
Once placed with care upon the shelf,  
But these like glass are finely splintered  
And lie embedded in my heart.

*The Denver (Colo.) Post.*                      *Hazel Shinn Krumm.*  
*January 27, 1935.*

## FIRST EASTER

I love to think that day He arose  
Laying aside the damp grave clothes,  
That all the little shining hills  
Were golden-crowned with daffodils.  
That, in the dawn-light wind-flowers dreamed  
And slender lilies swayed and gleamed.  
While watchers waiting near the tomb  
Saw a white radiance break the gloom  
And at His voice heard thrushes cease  
Their song, . . . fair frail anemones  
Burgeon because He who was slain  
O'er death victorious lived again!  
And all the little shining hills  
Were golden-crowned with daffodils.

*The Des Moines (Iowa) Register.*   *Beryl V. Thompson.*

## WHEN SPRING HAS COME

Watching the miracle of spring,  
The broken sod, the April bloom,  
I know there is a blossoming  
For love and life, beyond the tomb.

*The Des Moines (Iowa) Register.*   *Lou Mallory Luke.*  
*"Over the Coffee", April 14, 1935.*

## DORIS

A flower turned to colored pearl  
Transfixing tint and mold,  
A changeless memory of a girl  
Who now can not grow old.

Though I may change, grow stooped and gray,  
Until my day is done,  
She'll be the girl who went away—  
Forever twenty-one!

*The Detroit (Mich.) News.* Wm. H. Eldridge.  
"Random Shots", November 30, 1935.

## NIGHT CRY

The stars are buckled with silver hasps . . .  
And I am a captive, too,  
Whose vigil is that of the wakeful one  
Who watches the long night through.

It keeps me pacing this velvet rug,  
As caged as a panther's tread . . .  
My bracelets are spiked and dull  
And only the fire is red!

My hair is smooth, too smooth, ah yes—  
I'm tempered to fit the ring;  
But the real me is a dancing wench  
With gaudy shirts a-fling.

This body is soft in pale chiffon,  
Is spawn of an earthier breed  
That slept in the tents of the caravans  
And whirled to a piping reed.

Who cares for a kiss like a painted lamp?  
I'd rather a gypsy flame . . .  
For wild blood mates with a wilding heart  
And dies when the flesh is tame!

*The Detroit (Mich.) News.* Muriel Jeffries Hurd.  
"Random Shots", July 3, 1935.

## TODAY

My song is not of years long past,  
Of yesterday's fair scene,  
Nor do I write of future days  
Enwapt in misty sheen.  
I do not grieve that blossoms culled  
To form youth's bright bouquet  
Are faded now, but start afresh,  
New gleaning for today.  
I do not seek for future joys  
To set my heart upon,  
And rob this moment of its charm,  
Tomorrow of its dawn.  
But to the golden Autumn hours  
This harvest I possess,  
I drink a toast and pen a rhyme,  
. . . To present happiness.

*The Detroit (Mich.) News. Dorothy Howells Walker.  
"Random Shots", October 25, 1935.*

## IMPRESSIONS IN A HOSPITAL AT MIDNIGHT

### I.

Two tiny hours ago I little dreamed  
That whirling wheels and rods of polished steel  
Could go so much awry; the world, it seemed  
Was made for me and mine but now I feel  
They blotted out my world; there was a pit,  
Yawning and black; I plumbed its depths, I know;  
How glad I am to have returned from it—  
But what is this new world which grips me so?

A thousand thoughts are racing through my head;  
Am I alive or did the pit of black  
Mean some strange subway? May I not be dead  
And waiting supine here upon my back  
To face my judgment? Where is proof I wonder  
That life and I have not been torn asunder?

## II.

I turn my head in spite of all the pain;  
Outside is blackness; then the other way  
I turn my head again; I hear the rain  
Against the window; then I try to pray;  
Suddenly comes release! A light is lit;  
A white robed nun is standing in the door:  
Ah, no more pain and no more yawning pit—  
I live and I am in my world once more.

I see out in the hall a votive light  
Beneath a statue of my St. Therese;  
I know I need not fear the pain or night  
In any place where there are such as these:  
A soft voice says: "Now try to fall asleep:"  
The pit is gone and so from joy I weep.

*The Dubuque (Iowa) Witness.*                      *Jay G. Sigmund.*  
*November 25, 1935.*

## LIFE

Life is a grand oratorio  
Accompanied by the symphony  
    Of singing birds,  
    Soft sighing winds  
    And mighty, rolling ocean waves;  
    Of babbling brooks,  
    Crisp, rustling leaves  
    And loud, clamorous thunderclaps;  
Now calm and low,  
    Soothing as a lullaby;  
Louder, soon,  
    Inspiring action, love and faith;  
Growing tumultuous, wild,  
    Calling for endurance, bravery, hope;  
Closing,  
    Clear, serene,  
    Sweet as a vesper chime.

*The Enid (Okla.) Events.*                      *May McGill.*  
*"Verse", November 14, 1935.*

## EXCUSE MY DUST

I do not dread the day  
That I return to dust,  
What is to be will be,  
There is a time I must;  
But how I dread each day,  
The dust returns to me.

*The Enid (Okla.) Events.                      Gwen Hendrickson.*  
"Verse", May 16, 1935.

## THE APACHE TRAIL

The rock-carved highway passes  
A great dam,  
Which holds a lovely lake  
In its embrace.  
It skirts tremendous  
Precipices, sheer,  
Upon which hang Cliff Dwellings  
Desolate,  
O'er which brood ghosts  
Of romance long-forgot;  
But to emerge once more  
To sunlit buttes  
And mesas and then  
Other fastnesses.  
Though 'tis an engineering  
Feat superb,  
Dame Nature had supplied  
The setting grand.  
The dizzy heights  
Of the Apache Trail,  
The war-path of that mighty  
Fearsome band,  
Followed for miles and miles  
The gorgeous-hued  
And mystery-clad ranges,  
Aptly called  
The Superstition Mountains.  
The white man's highway, now.

*The Enid (Okla.) Events.                      Alice Sutton McGeorge.*  
"Verse", October 31, 1935.

## THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS OF AMERICA

We do not need Armistice Day  
To remind us of our losses;  
In Flanders Field so far away  
Are many small white crosses.

Did fireside lights grow quite as bright  
When sons were called to war?  
The anxious days, the lonely nights,  
Have left an unhealed scar.

Can Croix de Guerre supplant the son  
Who died in alien mud?  
What value are the medals won,  
If drenched by soldiers' blood?

*The Enid (Okla.) Events.*  
"Verse", November 21, 1935.

*Jennie Martin.*

"AW, SHUCKS—"

Ambling along, his shrewd kindly eyes  
Shyly viewing the beauties  
Of a new land—  
Seizing the hand of an old crony,  
Or of a president, fellow-ambassador, senator.  
Or prince—  
Grinning wistfully—and humbly before his Creator  
Perhaps saying whimsically:  
"Y'know, Lord, all I know is what I've read  
In the papers  
'N picked up as I gaddered around  
Hither 'n' yon;  
But all this stuff that's in the papers  
Just now,  
Page on page—'n' all the pictures,  
Aw, shucks, Lord,  
I wish I coulda earned  
A little mite of it.  
They mean well, Lord—don't hold it against 'em,  
Let's just call it good-intentioned

Exaggeration;  
They're just bein' kind  
To an ignor'nt old cowhand  
From Oologah.  
Y'know, Lord, that's a great bunch  
You've got down there,  
Senators 'n' all  
I'm gonna miss 'em for a while,  
But they'll be comin' along.  
I had no idy  
They felt—that way—about—aw, shucks, Lord—  
After the way I've kidded 'em,  
'N' all—  
But I've never hurt 'em till now  
An' I'm wonderin', Lord,  
If there ain't some way  
You can ease it up for 'em?  
Just tell 'em that—shucks—it ain't bad like that  
a-tall—  
An' that this round-up's just fine an'  
Prettier than the song.  
Y'see, Lord, that down there gets right next to me, an'  
Shucks, there ain't nothin'  
I c'n do about it;  
So do what you can, won't you, Lord?  
I've got lots of confidence in Your ability  
Along that line.  
Well, ther goes those bells—my time's up,  
So I'll be moseyin' along.  
Say, Lord; Ain't that ol' boy over there  
From Claremore?

*The Enid (Okla.) Events.*  
"Verse", August 22, 1935.

*Waldo Wettengel.*

## FRINGED GENTIAN

I never weary of the autumn showers,  
Or lengthy shadows at the close of day,  
I know so well that with the morning hours  
The sunlight leads to a cerulean way;

As, through the stubble-fields I plod—  
Lifting their heads above the sod—  
The fringed Gentians smile and nod:  
To me they are the rarest of all flowers  
That nature painted in such bright array,  
And it is neither strange nor odd,  
When skies are blue and autumn breezes blow,  
That I, with hurrying footsteps, always go  
Across the fields and hills where Gentians grow.

*The Farina (Ill.) News.*  
November 13, 1935.

*E. Lisette Herrling.*

## TO MY MOTHER

I'd like to go a-gipsying,  
Just you and I together,  
Through sunlight and starlight,  
Or fair or stormy weather.

We'd live on red rock-strawberries;  
We'd wade the silvery stream;  
We'd sample the wild sweetness  
Of cloverbloom, and dream.

We'd dance to lazy crickets' tune  
On every sunny height—  
To birds' song in the morning—  
To katydids' at night.

We'd camp in shadowy maple groves  
Beside the purple river,  
And keep the warm, brown highway—  
Forever and forever.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.* Dorothy Fern Seibel.  
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."





### MAIDS OF YESTERDAY

When you and I were little girls,  
We wore our hair in long curls  
Or braided tight in pig-tails two  
And tied with ribbons pink and blue.

We never wore bright hued half-sox.  
Our mothers, sure, our ears would box,  
If we had dared to show our knees  
No matter, then, how strong the breeze.

Our dresses buttoned down the back.  
The skirts were full, there was no lack  
Of cloth, to make them high of neck,  
Or long of sleeve our arms to deck.

We wore real petticoats you know  
To keep us warm and not for show  
When you and I were little girls  
And wore our hair in braids or curls.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.* Bess Truitt.  
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust", November 15, 1935.

## THRIFT

They say that France can live upon  
What other lands throw out.  
One time I saw a heavy rain  
Come pouring from a spout  
At one man's house. Across the street,  
A tiny trickling stream  
Was all that issued from that spout,  
Because a leaky seam  
And many rust-holes in the pipe  
Were frittering it away. . . .  
And one, three quarts, that day!  
And one, three quarts, that day!  
But at our house, we folks are "Scotch"  
And true American;  
And so we turn out lights and save,  
Just any way we can.  
We know the "gospel of clean plates";  
We patch and mend our clothes;  
We grow a garden every year  
As all our "canned stuff" shows.  
We spend the money that we earn  
On clothes and shoes and save  
A little for a future need  
That may be grim and grave.  
We always have some money saved  
When Christmas rolls around  
Or July Fourth . . . or birthdays . . . and  
It's "Kinda nice," I've found.

*Margaret Ball Dickson.*

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.*

*"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust", March 23, 1935.*

## CHRISTMAS DREAMS

It is wise to know on Christmas Day  
That even from His crib we must turn away.  
Baby must sleep while yet He can;  
There'll be walking enough for the grown-up Man!  
Shepherds must care for straying sheep;  
Magi must study the star-filled deep.

There's work to be done, even though we pray  
To abide by the manger the livelong day.

Dinned in our ears are the sorrows of earth;  
Louder they seem on this day of His birth.  
But it cannot be wrong to search the skies  
And dream about Heaven with Christ-healed eyes.

I've always been glad that Saint Paul said  
It never has entered the human head

To imagine the happiness There in store.  
So I free my fancies more and more  
To the fun and frolics that There abound—  
The highest joys on the holiest ground.

Why limit our faith, since faith is the thing  
That lifts the soul on tireless wing

Beyond yon empyrean of stars  
Where nothing of this earth shadows or mars;  
Where sin-freed spirits take their flight  
Into the Eternal Christ-Child's Light.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.* W. C. A. Wallar.  
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."

## 1914—RETROSPECTION—1918

Those blood-stained years of strain and strife were  
filled

With horrors for the men who, over there,  
Lie dead in Flanders field, their voices stilled  
Forever. Though the anguish they did bear  
Can never be forgotten, yet, I think  
The world forgets the cause for which they fought—  
For which the battlefield, their blood did drink.  
Did they, our youth, lay down their lives for nought?

Today the world again prepares for war,  
Each nation striving for supremacy.  
If those dead could say but one thing more,  
I think that they would say to you and me,  
"O world of hate and greed why can't you cease  
Your endless strife and seek the joy of peace?"

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.* George E. Waitt.  
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."

## UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

Across the hilltop to the east, I see  
The score of some unfinished symphony.

No notes are drawn, the staff alone is there  
With measures written in. Sometime, somewhere,

A tired artist must have laid his pen  
Upon the hill, nor picked it up again,

But wandered off to seek a richer field  
Wherein to sow, expecting greater yield.

And when I ponder what there might have been  
Inscribed upon the hilltop, rolling clean

Across the glory of the rising sun,  
What thundering chords, what tones of lyric fun,

I look again. My tired eye relents—  
The staff becomes a distant pasture fence.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. John Judson Haining.  
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust", July 6, 1935.*

## THE LURE OF THE OPEN

I have stood in the streets of a city  
That was crowded from gutter to brim;  
I have watched the crowds shoulder and jostle  
Till my eyes became weary and dim;  
And I wondered if I might be dreaming  
For the jam it had never a stop  
Till the stars in their freedom above me  
Spilled their glory above its bleak top.

The great city's canyon depressed me;  
And the buildings that reached to the sky  
Imprisoned the spirit that longed for  
The winds and the whimpering cry

Of the coyotes far out on the prairie,  
The kiss of the soft western sun  
That lazily sinks in its glory  
Where crimson and gold streamers run.

Oh the lure of the wide open places  
With plateau unpeopled and still,  
Where the stinging wind whistles a measure  
My spirit to strengthen and thrill;  
There, the bigness that urges me onward  
Where freedom and life never cease;  
There, the wild things that call without number;  
There, the beauty that fills me with peace.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post.*                      *John Allison Haining.*  
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust", August 12, 1935.

## ASTRID

I, Queen Astrid, speak to you, my people:  
Do not mourn me with a tolling cadence,  
Nor regret me with a brooding silence.  
    "She is dead," I hear you sigh:  
    You fold my pulseless hands and cry  
    Beside my bier and vie  
    To praise—to magnify.  
I, the Queen, proclaim there is no dying!  
Open, blind eyes, cease your futile weeping!  
    I have moved beyond earth's night;  
    My fleshly garment lies in sight;  
    My new form is too bright  
    For eyes obscured by fright.  
Heaven is reality that borders  
On the mists of earth, bewildered dreamers!  
I, Queen Astrid, speak to you my people.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.*            *Nan Fitz-Patrick.*  
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust", October 23, 1935.

## POET

When but a child, a tale was told to him  
About a Garden where the Cherubim  
Stood guard. They told him, too, about a sword  
Which flashed all ways to keep the path the Lord  
Had made His own; and where, in secret, He  
Had planted wisdom fashioned like a tree.  
The boy thought every stem which broke the sod  
Must be akin to it—this tree of God.

And while he dreamed, the child was soon a man.  
The thunder's fire, the dawn and rainbow span  
To him, were swords which flashed with tongues of  
flame.

He saw in evening, when the shadows came,  
An angel dressed in trailing robe.—In spring  
He stood beneath a maple listening  
To catch its whispered secret. Sounding clear,  
A distant echo fell upon his ear.

And when he found the Garden, met his Lord,  
All fearlessly he passed the flaming sword,  
As one who having served, was made a knight.  
And we who loved him did not know what sight  
His eyes beheld, but something lent his face  
A glory. There our wondering eyes could trace  
The signature of God, made manifest  
In lines of peace which told of ended quest.

*Magdalene Graeber Clark.*

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

*"The Poets' Corner", December 10, 1935.*

## TREKKING FORWARD

Since life is one long trek across the plain  
With, now and then, a river one must ford—  
Always there is the West that man looks toward  
Though ever on his way he suffers pain.  
And daily each new dawn shall bring again  
The promise of warm sunshine. Be not bored,  
For every hour some good deed we record.  
Man knows not warmth till he be chilled by rain.

Would you be dragged upon this trek of life  
By other souls more competent than you;  
Or would you progress under your own power  
Over the paths of happiness and strife  
Until you find that you can carry through?  
Trek onward, and in time you sight the tower.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Caroline Parker Smith.  
October 15, 1935.*

## THE PASTURE

There is a creek with slim willows bending  
To trail glad leaves in the water all day;  
There is a frog who sits on the mossy bank,  
And blinks the hours away.

There is a field abundant with clover,  
Where red cattle wander starry eyed and slow,  
Cropping the sweet grass or stooping to drink—  
Their bells swaying as they go.

There is a boy who comes at sundown,  
Smelling of hay and the new turned loam,  
With a stick in his hand and a shaggy coated dog  
To drive the cattle home.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Ella Christensen.  
"The Poets' Corner."*

## THE HOUNDS OF TIME

When morning mists arise  
And from the east Apollo's  
Bright car starts up the skies  
Shedding its gold on all the hills and hollows,  
Life, be lyric and clear!  
Soar like a flight of swallows!  
Though the hounds of Time are near,  
Though Time, with Night and Death in leash, still  
follows.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Ethel Austin.  
"The Poets' Corner."*

## WHERE PEACE IS . . .

In little words I weave  
A pattern of content;  
Of joy in golden hours  
So lightly spent.

In little words I pray  
For courage in release,  
For bravery to wear  
The plume of peace.

For in my heart I know  
That only under grass  
Shall it at last be found—  
That all things pass

And only silence stays—  
No threnody of birds  
But only quiet there  
And no more words.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

*"The Poets' Corner."*

*Miriam Pomeroy Rogers.*

## NIGHT EXPRESS

Here is a quest  
In the hollow night,  
Not to arrest  
The passion of flight!

We hurl along  
With the sliding heel  
And a zestful song  
From the clicking wheel

Before light swerves  
To the eastern way,  
And the black hill-curves  
Move into day.



It is I who come  
Through the black night's wall—  
Veins surge like a drum  
To answer the Call!

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times.*      *Daniel W. Smythe.*  
"The Poets' Corner."

## HIDDEN SPRING

I have walked softly  
Through the country of your heart.  
Others have tramped the high plateau of your thinking.  
Others have grasped at the mountains of your aspira-  
tions and your faith.  
But I, alone, have drunk  
At the hidden spring  
That mirrors your love.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times.*      *Lucia Trent.*  
"The Poet's Corner", August 6, 1935.

## BY THE SALVATION ARMY KETTLE

Each year just as the Christmas season nears,  
She always takes her old accustomed place  
Beside the iron kettle; plain of face  
And stooped and yet a figure one reveres;  
And when she rings her bell it somehow cheers  
The hearts of those discouraged in life's race,  
They give their bit—pass on with quickened pace,  
As if it helped them overcome their fears.

But no one sings her praises. Few there be  
Who know her as a being with a name;  
They see her as a fixture, just as we  
View trees and houses that remain the same—  
To me, she symbolizes fortitude:  
A mother toiling for earth's needy brood.

*The Indianapolis (Ind.) Sun.*      *Margaret E. Bruner.*  
December 15, 1935.

## WANDERERS

I've wondered at the history  
Of all of those who came  
And tapped my door to ask of me  
A bit of food—some lame,

Some old and gray and others young  
In years, yet weary-eyed,  
As if despair and want had wrung  
From them all hope and pride.

And some, perhaps, are ne'er-do-wells,  
And others, weak of mind,  
Wherein no aim or motive dwells,  
Yet all are humankind.

Then should I pause to ask if they  
Are worth solicitude,  
And with indifference turn away,  
When hungry folk want food?

*The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. Margaret E. Bruner.  
November 17, 1935.*

## THE PRESENT'S PAST

Would I had power to find lost thought again  
That breaks in dreams through memories once known—  
Some line from a forgotten poem—the tone  
Of color in a room—the old refrain  
Of some sad song as lilacs droop in rain  
Whose perfume one has loved—sweet essence blown  
Like pollen—lost in dust! All this has flown  
Into the past—nostalgic to the brain.

Oh, for the magic of a wistful song—  
Some cadence one has long since ceased to play!  
Alas, those years of melody but bring  
Dreams of young ardour that cannot belong  
To present life. Thus comes the living day  
Full of lost sound like bells that never ring.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal-Post.  
February 21, 1935. Caroline Parker Smith.*

## WILL ROGERS

In heaven no doubt the great ones congregate,  
And kindred spirits seek each other out.  
No doubt they have enough to talk about,  
And time to talk about it, for their state  
Is one of leisure, so the priests relate.  
*If* like finds like, among the heavenly rout—  
Kind souls seek gentle hearts, stout fellows stout,  
And genial understanding finds its mate—  
Three jocund souls are welcoming another,  
Three men who looked on men with love and laughter,  
With whom men laughed, and loved them ever after—  
What genial greetings for their youngest brother!  
These four can talk the hosts of heaven still:  
Mark Twain, Dan Chaucer, Shakespeare, and our Will.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.*                      *Elijah L. Jacobs.*  
*August 30, 1935.*

## WHEN IN ROME

We blinked till we forgot the heavy sun  
And remembered only the cool shadows  
In the cumbered shop.  
Above our heads hung a white rectangle  
Of rag paper, etched with heavy lines  
Immortalizing Roman ruins.  
To the proprietor we said,  
“*The Piranesi* is how much?”  
Perhaps we wished to show our pedantry  
In prints. If so,  
Our punishment was swift;  
For, scarcely lifting angry eyes  
Above his book, he snarled,  
“I do not wish to sell.  
The English do not trust the Italians.  
The Italians do not trust the English.  
So.”  
Once more he read his book.  
We sought the sunlight, hurriedly.  
Now we shall never know

What treasures lurked in dusky corners  
Of that little shop  
In Rome.  
Or was every nook and cranny filled only with patriot-  
ism  
And hate?  
After the sun had warmed us again, we remembered  
That we were Americans.  
"Shall we go back and tell him?"  
But, somehow, despite the tax on tea,  
We did not want to let the English down.  
*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Helen Rhoda Hoopes.*  
*"Starbeams", October 27, 1935.*

## THE REASON

I'd like to be a millionaire!  
So would you.  
So would everybody.

But I'm not thinking of a trip abroad,  
A steam yacht,  
Or an apartment on Riverside Drive.  
No, not that.

I'd like to walk the streets of my own home town  
Wearing my old coat,  
Last year's hat,  
And mended gloves,  
Receiving nods and smiles from right and left,  
Notwithstanding.

And then when some stranger remarked on my motley  
attire,  
A fellow townsman would check him preëemptorily,  
"Pooh, pooh, what does that matter?  
That man is a millionaire."

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Flora B. Walker.*  
*"Starbeams."*

## AN OLD RED BRIDGE

The township's pride and triumph in its day,  
The old red bridge, a web of rods and beams,  
Its oaken planking scarred by plodding teams,  
Bears many marks of wear and slow decay.

The rust has bitten deep the frame's hard steel;  
The sun has warped the heavy, rough-sawn planks,  
The sun-drawn nails stand up in ragged ranks,  
Or bend beneath a passing wagon wheel.

The rods still clank, when wagons pass that way;  
Slow hooves beat steady cadence on the floor;  
Swift wheels strike out a deep, sonorous roar—  
An instrument but wheels and hooves can play!  
I love the new stone bridges, strong and white;  
But miss this old one's rumbling in the night.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.                      Elijah L. Jacobs.*  
*November 5, 1935.*

## AMERICA, FORWARD

We shall not fail, nor disgree  
Among ourselves despairingly,  
Nor hesitate, but forge ahead,  
With strong and eager wings outspread,  
Until we reach our destiny.

In our distress we cannot flee  
From great responsibility,  
Nor change our course with cringing dread—  
We shall not fail.

We are a Nation that is free  
And will continue so to be.  
No matter what is done or said  
We still will earn our daily bread  
As we press on to victory.  
We shall not fail.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Henry Polk Lowenstein.*  
*March 26, 1935.*

## LADY BOUNTIFUL

Samantha pities the poor.  
Samantha is chairman of the committee  
To investigate an impoverished family  
Down by the railroad tracks.  
Samantha took them:  
    A quart of sugar,  
    One-third peck of windfall apples,  
    And two cans of sauerkraut  
    (Which was beginning to spew).  
Samantha is now planning  
To give her moth-eaten muff  
To the yard man,  
And her antique Merry Widow hat  
To the laundress.

Samantha pities the poor.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Gene Boardman Hoover.  
"Starbeams", January 10, 1935.*

## THE CLOSED DOOR

There is a door forever shut  
Between us now. The years  
Alone have closed it, not dark words  
Or acts, or even tears.

My heart has broken at the door;  
Yet, could I fling it wide,  
I never should. The pain  
Of love is on the other side.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Edith Roles Jacobs.  
March 4, 1935.*

## NEIGHBORS ALL

This is the garden that friendliness made  
And planted with bright smiles until  
Here in this wee patch of sunlight and shade  
Happiness grows with a will.

The little old man at the grocery store  
Gave all the mallows and phlox;  
A smiling young woman who came to the door  
Sold me the seed of the stocks.

Somebody left on the doorstep one day  
Pansy plants damp with the dew;  
The happy young couple from over the way  
Brought fennel and meadow rue.

A wren gave the garden a blessing of cheer;  
An oriole paused for a call;  
And here in this friendly and warm atmosphere  
I know we are neighbors all!

*The Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer-Journal.*  
*July 12, 1935.*

*Rebecca Helman*

### ALCATRAZ

Alcatraz cliffs are grim and gray,  
The prison that crowns them is gray and grim.  
Above them a sea gull is flying free,  
Upon them the flowers are blooming gay,  
Bright sunlight glints on the waves that play  
Around the dread island's rim.

What of the men confined therein?  
Does their longing gaze dwell on the restless sea,  
Follow the sea birds wild and free,  
Do they think of evil's futility  
And dream of the men they might have been?

Or, filled with bitter, rebellious hate  
Do they rage in vain at their luckless fate?

*The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.*  
*June 7, 1935.*

*Margaret Gray Fischer.*

### HALLUCINATIONS

Every little raindrop  
Falling pit-a-pat  
Looks like melted silver  
Dripping through a vat.

Every yellow daisy  
Quiet meadows hold  
Shines like twenty dollars,  
Pure, untarnished gold.

Every leaf's a greenback  
Dangling on a tree;  
Gosh! Will this depression  
Make a "nut" of me?

*The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. Mabel Griswold.  
January 25, 1935.*

## TO REALIZE

If Virtue brought her just reward  
To those who love to serve her well  
And pleasure brought her punishment  
Of which the sage could always tell  
The certain fruits of each small act  
Would teach us to be good in fact.

And so a theory appears,  
A dream, that retribution's just,  
And that we labor ceaselessly  
Toward wisdom, and a God we trust.  
Out of this faith a world is made,  
Where honest man is unafraid.

If only such a world might stand  
Unshocked by our perceiving  
That often Virtue's punished more,  
The deeper her believing,  
Then would the calm, untroubled soul  
See God Himself uphold the goal.

But no; the answer's not so clear,  
The pattern still escapes the rule  
And our arithmetic is not  
Designed for use in Ethic's school.  
We do not race to win a prize;  
We race the Race to realize.

*Klotho McGee Willis.  
The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.*





## CADENCE

A little love,  
A little play,  
Can change the darkness  
Of the day.

A gentle word,  
A soft caress,  
Can stay the stab  
Of loneliness.

Through storm or cloud,  
A patch of light  
Can change to gold  
The darkest night.

A song made sweet  
By softened voice  
Can make the saddened  
Heart rejoice.

O golden beauty  
Of redress!  
To tinge Life's path  
With loveliness.

*The Mount Morris (Ill.) Index. Tessa Sweazy Webb.*

## PARADE OF THE ELVES

While sitting in the garden  
Just imagine my surprise  
When an elf slid down a moonbeam  
And threw star dust in my eyes.  
I blinked them rapidly, and then  
I saw the strangest sight—  
For here were elves a-trooping in  
From fore, and left and right.  
From underneath the arbor;  
From out the four-o'clocks;  
They swarmed from pinks and zinnias  
And the stately purple phlox.  
Each flower sent its fairy,  
Too, each blade of grassy green  
Contributed its actor to  
The gay, fantastic scene.  
They paraded to the hollyhocks,  
Then gaily countermarched  
To the lattice in the corner  
Where the rambler roses arched.  
In single file they moved away  
To form a magic ring  
Where in tempo light and lilting  
They began to softly sing.  
Every flower in the garden  
And the crooked apple tree  
Seemed to nod its head in cadence  
To the fairy symphony.  
But a shadow passed above us;  
Turned the moonlight into gray  
And each fairy figure scurried  
To his floral hideaway.  
Ever since, when out a-walking,  
I step lightly and look well,  
For where a fairy's lurking  
One can never, never tell.

*The Mount Morris (Ill.) Index.*

*Don Mills*

*"This World of Ours", October 25, 1935.*

## REFLECTION

(Tanka)

Rain-soaked flower beds  
With cosmos, zinnias, balsam,  
Struggling through the grass,  
Tell of patience that will climb  
Soon, above our time's morass.

*The Mobile (Ala.) Register.*     *Ethel Morgan Dunham*  
*October 14, 1935.*

## THE PROSPECTOR

The prospector in sunshine, rain or snow,  
Goes seeking treasure on a lonely trail,  
Where weaker souls would hesitate to go,  
Far from the haunts of men whose courage fail.

Does some mysterious voice or vision call,  
That leads him on o'er desert land and hill?  
Or do the open spaces but enthrall,  
Compelling him to roam against his will?

And down into the bowels of Mother Earth,  
Whose depths are dark as black Minorcas' wings,  
He digs for precious ore, and laughs with mirth,  
When days of toil a vein of silver brings.  
He is an optimistic man for he  
Explores the hills in their virginity.

*The Nevada State Journal.*     *Josephine Eather.*  
*"Poetic Nevadans", March 25, 1935.*

## SKETCH

The trees wear newly fashioned gowns  
Of exquisite green lace  
In spite of dark portentous frowns  
On changeful April's face.

*The Nevada State Journal.*     *Harriet Mills McKay.*  
*"Poetic Nevadans."*

## HOMESPUN

The peaceful little villages  
With tall, white steepled churches,  
Lie drowsily beneath the shade  
Of rows of silver birches.

The Main Street shimmers in the heat  
And every watchful eye  
Sets window curtains fluttering  
To see who's passing by.

A group of loungers at the store  
Discuss the current news;  
And each one gives opinions  
And airs his private views.

Outsiders race along in cars  
Upon the boulevard.  
These men are more contented  
With a house and fenced-in yard.

*The Nevada State Journal.*      Gertrude Grymes Smith.  
"Poetic Nevadans."

## SUB-DEB

Sister failed to pass at school,  
And Brother lost his job;  
Uncle John is on relief,  
And Dad is raising hob.

The payments long are overdue  
On Mother's new coupe;  
The grocer says he will not wait,  
And there is heck to pay.

And Cook has given notice,  
(Her grandson has the croup),  
But I believe it's just because  
She's tired of cooking soup.

Keeping up with the Joneses,  
Is obsolete, you know—  
Keeping it from the Joneses,  
Is being done, just now.

*The Nevada State Journal.*  
"Poetic Nevadans."

*Sara E. Lampe.*

## HILLBOUND

There's a tug at my heart, fit to pull it in two,  
When I turn to the hills, as April creeps through.  
For I know—by the greening that's everywhere,  
And the smell of the sage on the balmy air;  
By the prospector trekking with shovel and pick,  
And the lizard a-sunning himself on a stick—  
That the hot iron smokes in the branding pen,  
For it's Spring in Nevada, then.

Oh I weep for the range where the campfires are red,  
When moonbeams are herding the stars overhead,  
For the wild peach is purple, and willows are ruddy  
Along the old trail, where I rode with my buddy.  
And I know—by the honking of wild geese in flight,  
As they wedge to the northward, by day and by night—  
That I'm hillbound, closer than ever again;  
For it's Spring in Nevada then!

*The Nevada State Journal.*  
"Poetic Nevadans."

*Bertha Raffetto.*

## FORGOTTEN

It isn't just the things we do  
But the chances we let go by,  
The neglected things we might have done,  
That bring a regret and a sigh.

The flowers we forgot to take  
To cheer an old time friend,  
The message that we didn't write,  
The letter we forgot to send.

The cheery word we failed to give,  
The tender words and smile  
Of comradeship to those we love,  
That makes life seem worth while.

It's just the little things of life,  
The courtesies and loving deeds,  
That make our lives like fragrant flowers,  
From which we scatter precious seeds.

*The Nevada State Journal.*  
"Poetic Nevadans."

*E. Zena Walts.*

## WHY?

I wonder why we try to write,  
When words have never quite expressed  
The living beauty of a tree,  
Where happy birds have built their nest?

I wonder why we sing our songs,  
While from the robins' ruby throats,  
As soon as Dawn lifts her baton,  
Are poured such haunting, lilting notes?

Or why do artists strive to paint,  
The colors of a sunset sky,  
When they can never hope to blend  
The combinations God can dye?

It must be part of His great plan,  
That we should ever long to try,  
To reach Perfection's deathless height,  
And yet, I often wonder—why?

*The Nevada State Journal.*  
"Poetic Nevadans."

*Josephine Eather.*

## A LATE DISCOVERY

I strolled along main thoroughfares.  
My head was held so high;  
As my reflection I admired  
In windows I passed by.

My chic new frock was quite stunning;  
A model from Paree.  
My hat, worn smartly on one side,  
Was cute as it could be.

The latest shoes adorned my feet;  
And as I tripped about,  
Glances in my direction proved  
That I was a knock-out!

I wonder if you've ever known  
Chagrin like I now feel.  
I'm home; and find that my hose had  
A big hole in the heel.

*The Nevada State Journal.*  
"Poetic Nevadans."

*Lyla Myers.*

## TRIUMPH

They pity me, my body lies so still.  
While they can run, can run and climb a hill.  
But I can see from out my window pane  
The dawn run down the hills to kiss the plain.

They pity me, my hands so quiet lie.  
While theirs can work, can play, can swim, can fly,  
But mine can hold a book within their grasp,  
And in its pages all the world unclasp.

They pity me, so little can I hear.  
Life's trumpets blow for them so loud and clear.  
But I can hear the music, brave and sweet,  
Of courage singing high above defeat.

They pity me my vision's meager flight.  
Their eyes can follow anything in sight.  
But mine can see beyond earth's little space  
The tender, human kinship of His Face.

*The Newark (N. J.) News.*  
October 21, 1935.

*Erene Angleman.*

## DEATH

Upon life's road, he seemed to be  
With hasty steps approaching me.  
And as we met, he looked askance,  
Then passed me by, with that swift glance.  
I saw him at the tree of life  
Pause long enough to view the strife  
Which sways all men, who e'er contend  
As if their life would never end.  
He plucked the fruit, some old, some young,  
And blossoms sweet he cast among.  
"Oh, stay," said I, "your vicious deed,  
Have you no love, no hope, no creed?"  
He simply smiled, and calmly said:  
"I am the master of the dead.  
My visits you can ne'er foretell,  
In sepulchres and graves I dwell.  
I heed not years three score and ten,  
I seek my harvest 'mongst all men,  
The young, the old, the rich, the poor,  
The high and low. All must endure  
My constant call. Why do you fear  
When you but know my steps are near?  
For I could take you by the hand,  
And lead you to a better land."  
"I know," said I, "you give release,  
And lead us to the land of peace,  
Whose golden turrets I can see,  
In splendor, now just smile on me.  
'Tis true, I know, all that you say,  
But let me dwell my dismal way,  
And do not take me by the hand,  
To lead me to that holy land,  
For 'spite my pains and stifled cry,  
Whene'er you call, just pass me by."  
And so, despite the Heavenly gain,  
We ever strive on earth remain!

Herman A. Heydt.

*The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.*





## THE TWAIN

In Memory of WILL ROGERS and WILEY POST, who died in an  
aeroplane crash, Alaska, August 16, 1936.

A mournful dirge the North winds sigh,  
All nature halts in solemn mood,  
The Arctic weeps an anguished cry  
At Death's grim toll, so stern, so rude.

They stood within the sun's acclaim,  
As men of simple, noble worth,  
Enhaloed by a brilliant fame,  
Which glorified their humble birth.

No Homer, Plato could excel  
The knowledge of our humankind,  
Which dear Will Rogers knew so well,  
And spread with kindness of mind.

How small oft seemed the world-wide girth  
To brave and daring Wiley Post,  
Who as lone petrel spanned the earth  
In humble pride, with ne'er a boast.

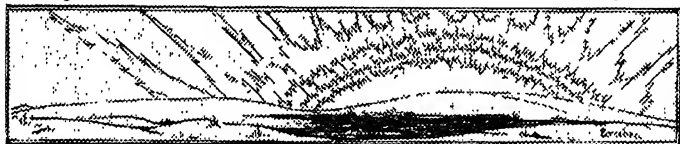
But now Aeolus laid grim hold  
On those good men in jealous claim,  
Who met their fate unflinching, bold,  
And us bequeathed an honored name.

We mourn. And poignantly we feel  
The grief for him who dropped his pen,  
And him who died at pilot's wheel—  
Two loving, kind and worthy men!

*The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.*

*August 22, 1935.*

*Herman A. Heydt.*



## BIRDHOUSE IN WINTER

The Winter is a tyrant  
Who rules with icy hand.  
The garden flowers disappear  
At his command.

His knuckles strike the lindens  
Till branches snap and fall;  
He piles a barricade of snow  
Along the wall.

The birdhouse looks defiant.  
It is the only thing  
That keeps its doors in readiness  
For birds and Spring.

*The New York American.* Gertrude Ryder Bennett.  
"March of Events", January 22, 1935.

## STREET SWEEPER

Once he was a sailor  
On the windswept sea.  
Now he is a "white wing"  
In the street near me.

Old and stooped and brushing  
A filthy thoroughfare—  
Can he still remember  
How pure and sweet the air

On that clean blue water  
In the long ago?  
And does mire of asphalt  
Turn to wave of snow?

That may be the reason  
A smile is on his face  
As he toils at sweeping  
Such a dirty place.

*The New York American.* Jessie Miller Robinson.  
"March of Events."

## ONCE IT WAS APRIL

Her tired hands are wrinkled now, her hair is snowy  
white,  
And her shoulders droop beneath her simple dress;  
Her face is lined with sorrow, and her eyes, quite dim  
of sight,  
Are poignant with remembered loveliness.  
But a treasured little tintype shows her slender, fragile  
hands  
And a ruffled silk, quite splendid in its day,  
A dewy dreaming seventeen with heavy braided bands,  
Her shining face so questioning and gay.  
This glimpse of her dim girlhood is a precious dear  
surprise  
For it shows that back of all these tragic years,  
There was an April for her too, when dreams were in  
her eyes  
Instead of ghosts—and memories—and tears.

*The New York Sun.*  
*February, 1935.*

*Joy O'Hara.*

## AUGUST AFTERNOON

Nets of maple leaves catch the light  
And hold it prisoner unaware  
Until the turnkey of the dusk  
Gives it freedom in golden air.

*The New York Sun.*

*Helen Maring.*

## CHALLENGE

Jan was tall  
But Peg was short  
And inches count  
In a world of sport.

Jan went over  
The top with dash,  
While Peg stood knotting  
A silver sash.

Biting her nails  
To the quick she cried:  
"I'll dance with life  
Nor be denied!" . . .

Peg was short  
And Jan was tall,  
Yet hearts are within  
The reach of all.

Jan went over  
With vim and dash,  
But Peg was wed  
In a silver sash.

*The New York Sun.*  
*July 19, 1935.*

*Anne M. Robinson.*

## SHANTYTOWN

You are merry and I am merry  
Yet which will dare  
Swear that our house is not a jerry  
Built affair?

Roof that sags and beams that stagger  
At early snows  
Show that the carpenter nailed a swagger  
Along of the blows.

Shall we curtain and carve and bevel  
To hide the crack  
Back of the door till a carpenter's level  
Prove the lack?

Never, sweet—A least delay  
Under risky rafter's  
Daft. One kiss to say . . .  
All. Now go with laughter.

*The New York Sun.*

*Dorothy Randolph Byard.*

## SOPHISTICATED LADY

She seemed a hot-house orchid, quite removed  
From racial memories of flesh or cave.  
Were squaws within her heritage, she proved  
That beauty was her master—and her slave.  
Beyond the sphere of elemental truth—  
Of labor, sweat, of furrowed soil and seed—  
She plans to symbolize eternal youth,  
With comfort, leisure, luxury, her creed.

She lifts a cocktail from a silver tray  
Without a thought for hands which put it near.  
A careful servant smoothes the chosen way  
When she decides to travel from her sphere.  
Sophistication marks her for its own—  
And she is bored and restless on her throne.

*The New York Sun.*

*Marguerite E. Hoffman.*

## ON A POTTED FERN

Long, in a land of giant-columned trees,  
The rolling forest whispered round my door,  
With paths that mounted on a brown leaf-floor  
To high green craggy-domed immensities.  
Yet here, behind the city's iron keys,  
Where brick and paint merge in a chimneyed shore,  
One fern is all my garden—to restore  
The canyoned woods, the peaked infinities!

But I shall let it serve me like a charm  
To bring its lush wild brothers back to mind:  
Dotted in laurel glens by dusky streams,  
And in deer-thickets, and along the arm  
Of the sunned ridge, and where blithe comrades wind  
Through deep dim redwood trails muffled in summer  
dreams.

*The New York Times.*  
*November 30, 1935.*

*Stanton A. Coblentz.*

## REMINISCENCE

Since Sarah died, he lived with Fred and Sue  
Out in the country, half a mile from town.  
On nice days, he'd walk in and go around  
To their old house, and sit out in the yard  
Under the maple tree, where Sarah had  
Fixed him a seat so he could get the sun  
Late afternoons. Sometimes he'd dig a bit,  
Transplanting flowers in their tangled beds;  
And in the fall he'd rake the leaves to burn.  
Next spring he would take up the coralvine  
And plant it near the stone on Sarah's grave;  
He'd take rosemary and some lavender,  
Perhaps the red chrysanthemum she'd brought  
From Indiana, and the candytuft  
That she had saved the seed of, year to year;  
Yes, and he'd take a sprig of ivy, too;  
He would be happier with work to do.

*The New York Times.*

*Billy B. Cooper.*

## SPRING IN DUTCH VALLEY

Across this anciently settled valley now  
Bright scarves of the Winter wheat's incredible green;  
Here Percherons, four abreast, may still be seen,  
Pulling with noble mien the shining plow;  
Great heads and manes and hooves in rhythm flow  
As the little man-gods on the long lines lean,  
Seeing not the fresh clod nor the days of chance between,  
But the moneyed garden truck and the ripe wheat's  
glow.

Within their blue mountain's softly domed embrace—  
The tidy towns, the straightly patterned farms,  
The singing orchard's ineffable white grace—  
Far cry indeed this troubled hours' alarms.  
And here the farmers still of a Sunday ride—  
But in the latest cars, their folk beside.

*The New York Times.*  
*June 22, 1935.*

*D. Sanial Gill.*

## AVIATOR

His mother was a restless soul,  
Whose veins held trace of Romany blood;  
Her heart sought many a roadside goal  
When the tide of Spring was at its flood.

His father's pulse ran quick with the urge  
Of a seaman led by the cold North Star—  
Whose feet loved only the ocean's surge,  
Whose roof-tree was a ship's tall spar.

Now he, their son, feels the wanderlust,  
In him their rover-passions vie,  
But he shuns the trails of wave and dust—  
His wings know the wide blue roads of the sky!

*The New York Times.*  
*July 25, 1935.*

*Winnie Lynch Rockett.*

## GAS-STATION

A brilliant bazaar of Bagdad,  
Blossoming by the road,  
Like a gigantic flower,  
The gas-station glowed.

In daffodil-yellow containers,  
Like flaming petals kept,  
Lightnings curled aslumber;  
Horizons lightly slept.

*The New York Times.*  
*July 7, 1935.*

*Louis Ginsberg.*

## A PLEA FOR MORE HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

When lawyers plead, Demosthenes  
Picks up his skirts and sadly flees,  
With fingers stuck into his ear  
So that he will not have to hear  
The prosy diction of their pleas.

Alas, they lack the ancient ease—  
The silvery tongues that used to please,  
And now the crowd will never cheer,  
When lawyers plead.

No golden words to warm or tease,  
No cold and caustic words to freeze,  
Their sordid discourse is so drear  
Their basic motive is made clear,  
They're only working for their fees.  
When lawyers plead!

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*  
"The Other Fellow."

*Raoul Dorsey.*

### SUPPER AT SIX

How golden sweet the last long hour  
Before the sun goes down!  
Of all the lovely summer day  
The very peak and crown.

The glare and dust of noonday,  
The burning heat has gone;  
A little breeze is singing  
As cool as Easter dawn.

But six o'clock is supper time  
And I have beans to cook;  
However grand the sunset  
I have no time to look.

For six o'clock is supper time  
And I must fry the steak,  
And start the kettle boiling,  
And put the pie to bake.

And when the meal is ended  
And dishes polished clean,  
I slip into the garden  
So cool and quiet and green.



Sometimes I see a jonquil moon,  
Or a planet silver bright,  
But all the sunset colors  
Have vanished into night.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.* Josephine Naas.  
"The Other Fellow", November 30, 1935.

## ONCE TO EVERY DOOR

There were footsteps on the street,  
Stumbling through the rain;  
Shadows pressed in mute appeal  
Against my windowpane.  
But I thought: "I want no mud  
Tracked upon my floor"—  
So I hid my coaxing light  
Lest someone try the door.

Then I sat before the hearth,  
Self-righteous and alone;  
But the fire refused to burn,  
The coals were gray as stone.  
Cold as stone that bruised the flesh  
And pierced the tired feet  
Of all who wandered through the dark,  
In a rain-drenched street.

Footsteps echoed in my heart,  
Shadows filled my mind,  
Haunting me, reproaching me  
For failing to be kind.  
Then I knew what I had done,  
Felt the weight of woe—  
Christ Himself had passed my door  
And I had let Him go.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.* Eugenia T. Finn.  
"Poet's Corner", October 6, 1935.

## LADY TULIP

Lady Tulip, Lady Tulip,  
As you raise your lovely head,  
Lifting it in regal splendor  
From your well-kept garden bed;  
Do you know, oh, lovely lady,  
In your cups, wine-red and gold,  
Is a draught of inspiration—  
Yet its quaffing you withhold.

Lady Tulip, Lady Tulip,  
In whom Beauty sits enthroned,  
Artists try in vain to paint you;  
Their lament have they intoned.  
In serene and queenly beauty,  
In your cups, wine-red and gold,  
You are holding poet's nectar—  
Yet its quaffing you withhold.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Cora Louise Armor.  
"The Other Fellow", May 1, 1935.*

## LITTLE FOXES

Let's see—yes, this is Thursday: the heavy work  
Is done. The washing, ironing, scrubbing, too,  
Are finished; larder's stocked with food for days;  
Now only little things can claim my time.

(I wonder—well, perhaps—yes, it's a hunch  
That Susie will want biscuit for her lunch.)

Just smell the earth; it seems to me that life  
Has never been so sweet. I'll make the beds  
And wash the dishes, quickly sweep the floor,  
And tidy up, then take a long, long walk.

(O shucks, I quite forgot to wash my hair  
And put the blankets on the line to air.)

June is delightful: like bright amber wine  
It makes me giddy, dignity all gone.  
I might try dancing on the open road.

Or turning a handspring: hum a jolly tune.  
(And that reminds me, promised Beth I'd sing;  
I'd better practice now: Where is the thing?)

I wonder if I'll care to read? I'll take  
A book. That telephone would ring just now.  
If someone's coming, asks me out, I'll fib  
And do exactly as I've planned this once.  
(I fibbed. Who cares? You'd do the same, I'll  
say,  
If little things were eating all your day.)

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.* Nelle B. Prickett.  
"The Other Fellow", June 19, 1935.

## NEIGHBORS

Have you a neighbor who is suffering  
For what your offered surplus could supply?  
Had every one a neighbor, none need face  
Life's hard distress—its stern necessity.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.* Laura Bell Everett.  
November 30, 1935.

## MIDNIGHT MATING

Star through the lofty pine  
Looking down at me;  
Sweet, pale, yet luminous,  
Smiling through the tree.  
Strong, black yet velvety,  
Vigorous and straight  
Is the pine at midnight,  
As the star's earthmate.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.* Rosalie Childs.  
"Poet's Corner", October 27, 1935.

## OPEN SEASON

Fear stalks the woods as Autumn days grow brief,  
All furred and feathered folk to cover run;  
October winds bring echoes of their grief,  
They hide from man until his day is done—  
His day for slaughter of the timid quail  
And honking geese that follow south the sun,  
The golden pheasant with his meteor tail,  
Grey squirrels that scramble high in chattering fun.  
Against the guns, what chance have frightened deer  
Their leaps for safety checked by leaden hail?  
The frosty air is tainted by their fear  
The refuge of the rocks and hills will fail  
And helpless shy wild things still fall and die  
To make the filling for a hunter's pie!

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*                      Coleena Cooper.  
"Poet's Corner", September 22, 1935.

## TO KEEP OUR SCORN IMMORTAL

This day, so crowned above all other days,  
Becomes a challenge to the calendar,  
A threat to Time and his destructive ways:

For we have taken a thing he cannot mar  
With change or death, nor steal from us again.  
Deathless by this one perfect hour we are—

This little hour, beyond both joy and pain,  
Has paid the subtle fee that bribes the Fates.  
It does not matter now with what disdain

The snow of centuries blankets faded dates  
Of kings and nations; nor for us how deep  
And permanent the insensate Naught awaits:

Have we not this one timeless hour to keep  
Our scorn of death immortal when we sleep?

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*                      Robin Lampson.  
"The Other Fellow."

## ON DREAMING

We write but for the chosen few  
Who see life through our eyes,  
A towering majesty of blue,  
A span hung from the skies.  
Confuse not so the stately pomp  
Of others' jeweled flair,  
With carefree, questing ones who romp  
Beyond this winding stair.  
The men whose steps are measured, tread  
A safe, sure road to gain,  
Yet we whose feet have always fled  
Dream on to live again.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Helen M. Loomis.  
"Poet's Corner", February 17, 1935.*

## NIGHT DANCER

In rhythmic cadence, softly  
Swaying, she comes to me—  
This vivid child with  
Brilliant skirts by Wind's  
Strong fingers tossed about.  
Suddenly she stands, hushed and  
Still, a burnished shining statue  
With gaze exultant lifted to the  
Heav'ns above where countless  
Stars applaud in glad surprise.  
Wind surges by.  
Again she pours her vibrant,  
Glorious soul into exaltation  
Of the night. Ah fervid flame,  
On orange candle poised, who  
Dares to say you live but for a  
Sparkling, glowing moment?  
Your loveliness shall ever dwell  
A thing of beauty in my heart.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Miriam Coplin Saal.  
November 20, 1935.*

## THE CLAMMER

I watched him in the frothy surf,  
An old man, poorly clad in grey.  
He struck his rake down in the sand  
As each wave rolled back to the bay,  
Each time he raised the rake to see  
If he had caught a clam, perchance,  
And waited patiently again,  
As wave on wave would quick advance,  
And for his guerdon, hour by hour,  
Just one small portion was his gain!  
Away he trudged, quite satisfied  
That time he spent was not in vain!

Carol Christian Kunkely.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*  
*'Poet's Corner', August 25, 1935.*

## TREASURES

Here is the spot. Stand still my feet  
Let me rest in this spot serene.  
And view the treasures from my Memory Book,  
Where memory pictures are seen.

Ever, ever the soft trade winds  
Sweet with the scent of the sea.  
Turning the leaves of my Memory Book,  
Revealing old treasures to me.

Memories past and present are there,  
Treasures both bitter and sweet.  
They pass before my dreaming eyes  
And past and present meet.

Memories are treasures deep in my heart,  
Shadows from out of the past.  
Stop here and rest. O weary feet.  
Memories are treasures that last.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.* George B. Pratt.  
*'The Other Fellow', November 26, 1935.*

## THE VALIANT

Not always those who march with firm and measured tread,  
Nor those who write the great books of the day,  
Nor those who mount the rostrum using heart and head  
To tell to all the world what they should do and say,  
Nor those whom Fame hath picked for signal honors high,  
Because they quickly spanned the earth with rail and sail and thought,  
And then, forsaking all they here have wrought,  
Now seek new conquests of the mysteries of the sky.  
Ah no! I give as well, the honor to the one  
Who's heard the doctor's dictum: "Friend, you're thru."  
Then squaring shoulders and with smiling face,  
Decides there's yet a chance for him, too, in the race.

*Maude Alexandra Woodin.*

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

*"Poet's Corner", March 31, 1935.*

## OLD MAN

His soul well knit  
And labours done,  
He smokes his pipe  
While basking in the sun,  
And ruminates  
On many mysteries  
To which his mellowed wisdom  
Finds the keys.  
Contentedly,  
He views the passing scene,  
With tolerance  
For all invective spleen;  
Life's value won,  
He waits the salient thrust  
Converting human clay  
To radiant dust.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

*"The Other Fellow", March 29, 1935.*

*Eve Brazier.*

## PRESCIENCE

Could those who sleep in Flanders Field  
Come back to earth again,  
And see the earth they died to save  
Writhing in bitterness and pain  
I wonder if those men would feel  
They died in vain.

Or would their eyes out-seeing ours  
Behold a better day,  
Know that the after-pains of war  
Would surely pass away,  
See that the peace for which they died  
Is on its way.

*Dora Lawrence Cameron.*

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

*"Poet's Corner", November 10, 1935.*

## GOD IS NOT DEAD

Let's look to God while life is in the making;  
"He is not mocked"—He hates our masks!  
Let's trust Him, though unwonted shadows fall  
On OUR day filled with "New Deal" tasks.  
Let's look to Him when life's transient glories  
Would lure us from His word, apart  
Into the path of keen Avarice, where  
Pride waits to waste each upright heart.  
Let's look to Him when blighting seasons come;  
With unfinished tasks watch ahead . . .  
Far beyond the blackest night, faith reaches—  
Let's look to God . . . He is not dead!

*The Ohio State Journal.*

*Mary Rutan Byerly.*

*"Rhyme and Reason", November 6, 1935.*

## WHITE FEET OF PRAYER

Not only those who pause to rest their gaze  
On painted windows, where His pierced heart bleeds,  
Have learned to sing the blessed song of praise . . .  
I saw a man in prayer knee-deep in weeds.



I heard his simple words of trust, then knew  
One's place of prayer may be a bit of sod;  
Here was a man far from the velvet pew  
Who closed his eyes to weeds and looked on God.

I learned, as I sat there upon the grass,  
No weed is lowly and no stone despised;  
Wherever the white feet of prayer shall pass,  
Upon that spot a rite is solemnized.

*The Ohio State Journal.*                      *Theressa M. DeFosset.*  
*October 2, 1935.*

### DEATH, I THINK—

Death, I think, will only be  
Something we must meet half reluctantly,  
Like turning from a window where we stood  
Gazing upon a sunset—and finding it good—  
Sighing a little as the gay hues fade,  
Then calmly lift the hand to draw the shade.

*The Ohio State Journal.*                      *Selma Hamann.*  
*"Rhyme and Reason", May 17, 1935.*

### FAITH JUSTIFIED

I doubted love could bear the common touch,  
Or the sordidness of daily living:  
Love, I thought, must ever be fragile, fair,  
And built on lovely things said,—and giving.  
I feared for love, lest 'twould vanish swiftly  
Upon my first youthful slackness, or doubt,  
And leave me only empty husks of words  
Which you had said, when mine, with world shut out.

But love bore wisdom I had never known:  
It taught me that to please is joy complete!  
I never thought to serve a master, yet,  
I gladly own I find the serving sweet,  
And best of all I find my woman's pride  
And faith in you is justified.

*The Oil City (Pa.) Derrick.* *Zoda Elizabeth Anderson.*  
*May 6, 1935.*

## SONG OF THE CHEROKEE

The lover prays to the spider,  
The lover prays to the moon;  
The hunter prays to the fire,—  
A god in his hunting song!

The rabbit hides in the broomsage  
High on the purple hill;  
The fish in the bending river  
Are under the hemlock boughs.  
The terrapin dwells in the big white pond,  
The whirl-wind abides in the trees;  
The woods stand dark in the twilight;  
The yellow clouds brood in the sky,  
And tall, lean men go naked  
Under the hemlock boughs.  
A quill is keen to the hunter  
As he prays to the rising moon,  
And lights his flame of crimson,  
He sings the spider's song.

The lover prays to the spider,  
The lover prays to the moon;  
The hunter prays to the fire,  
A god in his hunting song!

*The Oklahoman.*

*Benoin Jacques Standley.*

## SILVER SHIPS

My castles are of purest gold,  
Near by an emerald sea,  
Where silver ships come sailing in  
With treasures meant for me.

A fairy prince with eyes of blue,  
And heart so brave and bold,  
Is sailing homeward on one ship  
And when his tale is told—

I, too, shall sail on many seas,  
And watch the green white foam.

But faith and love will guide my ship  
And bring it safely home.

My castles are of purest gold,  
Near by an emerald sea,  
I'll wait and watch the silver ships  
Till mine comes home to me.

*The Oklahoman.*  
February 15, 1935.

*Theresa D. Black.*

## THE SLAVE OF DREAMS

Opium is smuggled in  
Ships from China. O the sin.  
Lacquer cannisters of tea  
Hold false bottoms, broidery  
In its heavy patterned seams  
Hides the counterbrand of dreams.

Down San Pedro in the cold  
Slips a drowsy Chinese, old,  
Blanched and battered by the years,  
Lean from hunger—yet he hears  
Trumpets shrilling in a town  
In Mongolia, looking down  
A rock stairway, at the foot  
Crowd the caravans with loot,  
Though his treasure rooms are full,  
Heaped with plunder of Kabul.  
Stubborn is his fortress, high,  
Centuries have passed it by.  
Cham of tribesmen, fierce and proud,  
To his name they pray aloud.  
He is like a falcon grown  
In the mountains, wild, alone,  
Never conquered, yet his doom  
Is but dust in some old tomb.

—Dust stands shaking in a door  
Of San Pedro, never more  
Will he issue from his slum,  
Slave of dreams and opium.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Herald.*  
"Warp and Woof", March 21, 1935.

*Beulah May.*

## AMBASSADORS OF PEACE

Will Rogers and Wiley Post

These are the men of the age:  
Greater than prophet or priest or sage—  
Not theirs to lead the way to war,  
But rather open a newer door  
Of peace to the man by their side.  
Now that their aim and their stride  
Has found the path apart from men of brawn—  
A lonely path into the dawn,  
Let king and prophet bow in death's release  
To these, our own ambassadors of peace.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook. James Neill Northe.  
August 23, 1935.*

## STAIN OF INNOCENT BLOOD

When I uproot a growing thing  
There comes a stain of blood  
Upon my hands—  
The blood of something innocent  
That loved its life  
And did not wish to die.  
    I seem to hear its first faint cry at birth  
    And see the trembling roots  
    That thrust their way  
    Against the darkness of the soil.  
I see the pride of Growth;  
The flowering of its Youth;  
The yearning toward Fruition  
When a life is climaxed in its seed.  
I see the faded beauty of its Age  
And gentle Death that follows in its wake.  
    God, grant my hands may never know again  
    The stain of guilt that comes to one  
    Who ruthlessly uproots a growing thing.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook. Helen Miller Lehman.  
"Warp and Woof", September 13, 1935.*

## SIGNAL

While autumn's greedy fingers  
Are plucking eerie airs,  
From empty swaying branches  
Taut with sorrow newly theirs,  
A restless line maneuvers  
With lifted wing and cry,  
Weaving a feathered symbol  
Against a sullen sky.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook.* Gernie Hunter.  
"Warp and Woof", November 24, 1935.

## FROM THE APOCALYPSE—

Again the seals are broken . . .  
Again we see them ride.

\* \* \* \* \*

In silhouette against the sky,  
Once more grim horses thunder by.

From out their nostrils bursts of flame,  
We cannot tell from whence they came.

All sired by power, hate and greed,  
Each Lord upon his favorite steed.

Equipped with bow, and sword, and scales,  
Each as he rides, leaves bloody trails.

No time for rest, no time for sleep,  
The horsemen (four) dig rowels deep.

A snow-white charger looms ahead,  
And next in line a steed of red.

Blind justice rides upon a "Black,"  
Instead of justice . . . plunder . . . sack.

Our gaze transfixed . . . and then at last,  
A pale gaunt rider flashes past.

We sense destruction in his breath . . .  
Caparisoned for war . . . rides Death.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook.* Mina Shafer.  
"Warp and Woof", October 27, 1935.

## THE CANDLE IN THE KITCHEN WINDOW

A light is in the window,  
Just a common candle light;  
But Tommy on the turnpike  
Was dancing with delight.  
The little light was talking  
For a little blue-eyed girl.  
And Tommy's heart was throbbing,  
And his head was all awirl!  
It said, "I love you, Tommy,  
My heart is all aglee,  
So hurry, hurry, Tommy.  
To spend a while with me!  
The folks are in the parlor,  
The way is clear, you see;  
And no one here but Fido  
And the kitty cat with me!"  
The candle light was saying,  
With clear and beaming ray,  
"She loves, she loves you, Tommy,  
Far more than I can say!"  
The age-old spell was on him,  
Annihilating miles,  
The magnet of a maiden's heart,  
And witchery of smiles!  
And all the world enraptures  
With the pure and sweet delight  
That Tommy read distinctly  
In that kitchen candle light.

*The Oxford County Citizen.* William Wood.  
"With the Poets", September 26, 1935.

## THEN SHALL I TRULY GIVE THANKS

Give me an humble heart that I may see  
What God and home and country mean to me.

I know the beauty of my native land,  
Its quiet hills; its mountains crowned with snow;  
Its waters that shall make a desert bloom  
With stranger loveliness; all this I know.

And I have learned of men who gave their lives  
In service that a dream might be fulfilled.  
Remembered words have echoed down the years  
A song of freedom that shall not be stilled.

Nor have I quite forgotten that much blood  
Upon the land, a seeping, staining red,  
Must be a mark of covenant between  
The valiant living and heroic dead.

And yet it would be well if, for a day,  
My life could be in sharper contrast shown  
Against a background, somber and austere,  
Deprived of all the sunlight I have known

Because, perhaps, I take as if by right  
Unnumbered blessings, scarcely giving heed  
Or thanks to that vast fellowship of men  
That, by the grace of God, has met each need.

Too flippantly I speak of sacred things;  
In every diamond I see a flaw.  
Too carelessly I tread on holy ground  
Forgetting to remove my shoes in awe.

Forgive me: clear my vision till I see  
What God and home and country mean to me!

*The Oxford (Pa.) Press.*  
November 28, 1935.

*Eugenia T. Finn.*

## THE DIRT STORM

High ominous clouds,  
Throat-tightening dread,  
And a pall of black dirt in the air—

The elm flings her petticoats  
Over her head,  
Like a housekeeper bowed in despair!

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*     *Stella Lavina Olson.*  
"Talespins", July 18, 1935.

## BOY STARTS TO SCHOOL

Today is the first since he could walk  
That he has not tagged at my heels;  
How silent without his chattering talk—  
How strange this old house feels!

The rooms are empty and queerly still,  
His toys in a prim straight row,  
And Scotty keeps vigil at the window-sill  
The way he saw him go.

A threesome had always been the rule  
With the frolicsome two at my heels—  
A mother and a dog, when a boy starts to school,  
Learn how loneliness feels!

Mary Ferrell Dickinson.

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*  
"Talespins", October 24, 1935.

## RONDEAU

I think of you, dear heart, when night  
Withholds the day's illuming light  
While dismally, in nether world,  
The sun, with golden banners furled,  
Bemoans his hapless regent's plight.

And when his conquering hordes unite  
To claim each cloud-spun, eastern height  
Where irised roses are uncurled,  
I think of you.

Though dusky veils repel my sight,  
Or yet my eyes be wooed by flight  
Of brilliant birds, or winds, joy-purled,  
Lay siege my heart with arrows hurled  
From memory's quiver of delight,  
I think of you.

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*  
"Talespins", January 11, 1935.

Fan C. Smith.



## GETTING BACK

I wish I had tongue to describe what it's like—  
This annual convention of taking a hike—  
This thing called vacation; the strife to attain  
A journey to father's—to see them again.  
It's a fact, it's a fancy, that many minds rack,  
But it all evens up just the moment you're back.

You hop in your car and you drive like the deuce  
The moment vacation begins and you're loose.  
You make of each highway a gypsying lane  
Till what was sheer pleasure turns out to be pain—  
For whatever joys the going may smack,  
They're not half as fine as it is to get back.

It is good to get going and vision new slopes—  
The meat of expectancy, fruit of fond hopes.  
The cheer of the air rushes red on the cheek  
As the solace of travel runs week after week—  
New scenes may have charms that the old vistas lack,  
But the prettiest path is the one that leads back.

The old pair of shoes have that comfort for feet;  
Strange faces are fresh, but the old ones are sweet;  
Though gaudy the couch where you sleep on your tours,  
There's never a bed that's as comfy as yours—  
You scheme for a year to get off—but alack!  
The best part of the fun is in just getting back!

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*          *Vernon L. Smith.*  
"Talespins", October 30, 1935.

## MY PRAYER

Deeply plunged in sorrow's gloom,  
Let me humbly bow my head—  
Thank Thee for my daily bread;  
In Thy house prepare a room,  
Give me still Thy loving care;  
Dearest Lord, hear this my prayer!

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*          *Wealthy Sheetz.*  
"Talespins", December 20, 1935.

## INDIAN FAITH

Stars are the candles  
That shine on the altar;  
Winds are the choristers  
Sounding in praise  
Of a Power that guides him  
Through all of his marches,  
Protecting in darkness  
And blessing his days.

Rough hands have driven him  
Out of the jungle;  
Small comfort here  
For his flesh has been found;  
But his soul forges on  
Toward the Land of Hereafter,  
And glories that wait  
In the Great Hunting Ground.

White man, so proud  
Of your book-gathered wisdom,  
Learn of the Indian  
Who dwells near the sod—  
The sky is his altar;  
The world is his temple;  
He worships in spirit  
One Great Spirit—God!

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*  
"Talespins", March 20, 1935.

*Helene Claiborne.*

## THE PRIZE

If you would win  
The prize of life,  
And rise above  
Vain human strife,  
Then set your eyes  
On one great goal,  
And work for it  
With heart and soul.

The men who win  
Have one clear aim,

Without a thought  
Of selfish fame.  
They plan, they toil,  
Though rough the way,  
Till they attain  
The prize-earned day.

If you would win  
The worth-while prize,  
Pursue one aim,  
If you are wise.  
Set your whole mind  
On one great goal,  
And work for it  
With heart and soul.

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*                      Grenville Kleiser.  
"Talespins", November 16, 1935.

## OL' LIZA

All day she rubs on a board and wrings  
The white folks' linens, gowns and things;  
She works all day beneath the sun  
Hanging the linens, one by one.

No regrets for her lot are ever heard  
She sings all day like a mocking-bird  
As she rubs and wrings, one by one  
The white folks' linens to hang in the sun.

When the day for her is nearly done  
And the linens are gathered, one by one,  
She enters her cabin, cold and dark  
And stoops to fan a dying spark.

Unheeding the need that she be fed,  
On tired feet she drags to bed;  
At dawn she rises to greet the sun,  
And sings at a task that is never done.

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.*                      Marie Cappick.  
"Talespins", January 11, 1935.

## IN THE VALLEYS OF MISTS

Someone has called  
The shining lake an upturned  
Bowl of a silver spoon,  
But you and I know  
It is the bright buckle  
Of the belt that the earth giant  
Has girded on.  
For we saw him one night  
By the lake and his mountain fingers  
Reached long shadows  
Into our hearts but we shall  
Never tell the secrets  
He whispered to us  
In the low lazy language  
Of the pines.

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.  
"Talespins", November 6, 1935.*

## WE ARE THE CLAY

There is no escape!  
Dust-storm and quake,  
Hurricane's wake,  
Each may descend  
Fulfilling some law  
Providence wills.  
Hands we so lend  
Prove futile attempts  
Grind of God's mills  
To quiet or stay.  
Yes, we are the clay,—  
Plastic—oh, straw!  
The Potter is all,  
And through Him we stand—  
Magnificent—grand,  
Or through Him we fall!

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Stella K. Humphries.  
"Talespins", November 20, 1935.*

## TOPAZ

(A Yellow Kitten)

No one shall ever tell from whence he came,  
Lean for the want of food and quick with fear;  
Savage as his ancestral wilds, untame,  
He drew the blood on hands that fed him here.  
Wild beauty I did see and all rights took  
To hold the gentleness that I might find;  
Half friendly in my arms, his shelter nook,  
He found the world, at last, a little kind.

So, he became a puppy's only friend,  
Among indifferent and petted cats;  
How little did I know how soon would end  
The romping and the playful little spats!  
"Topaz, Topaz," I called; I thought him fled;  
I think his spirit heard. I found him dead.

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Ruby Pearl Patterson.  
"Talespins", February 25, 1935.*

## SUPPLIANT

At the golden gate of dawn I stand,  
An empty cup made of each hand;  
To the Giver of Life I raise it up,  
To fill with Life each empty cup;  
To fill with work each suppliant hand,  
At the golden gate of dawn I stand.  
To strengthen each hand to serve today.  
In God's and not in my own way.  
O, Giver of Life to Thee I pray  
That I may serve in my best way!

So at the gate of dawn I stand,  
An empty cup each chaliced hand;  
To the Giver of Life I raise it up  
For to fill to the brim each empty cup  
That all of me may serve today  
And not in mine but in God's Way!

*The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Laura Emily Mau.  
"Talespins", January 24, 1935.*

## LOOK TO THE LAND

Look to the land, lest earth become a sad place  
And life be but a tedious, jostling, round  
Where time is just a brief, gyrating, mad, race  
Of wheels that hurl their rasping, raucous sound  
Over a world bereft of virgin beauty  
Forgetful of its natal melody,  
Over a world unmindful of its duty  
To man, or beast, or bird, or flower, or tree;  
A world where beckoning iron fingers  
Entice man from the fragrant meadow land,  
Where cold steel voices drown the song that lingers  
In bush and bough, in sea and singing sand.

If man were master of machines, the Earth  
Would sing her arias to his noble worth.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Barbara Miller Smales.  
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",  
August 25, 1935.*

## THE CONFIDANT

How faithful is the Wishing Well  
With secrets hidden deep below.  
Fraught with romance it may not tell,  
How faithful is the Wishing Well.  
Each glistening coin, a sentinel  
To guard petitions none may know.  
How faithful is the Wishing Well  
With secrets hidden deep below.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Kate K. Church.  
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",  
January 20, 1935.*

## ARTISTS

One dipped his brush in rainbow tints  
And magic grew as swift as thought;  
A fairyland of light and shade  
And form and line was deftly wrought.

Another used his pen to sketch  
His scenes with firm and vivid stroke;  
In words that burned with living fire,  
And thought and inspiration woke.

Another touched the quivering string  
And music flowed at his command;  
The harmonies of other worlds  
Dropped pulsing, vibrant from his hand.

Another had no brush or pen  
But only love and kindly deeds;  
Yet he wrought beauty as he went  
In service to his brothers' needs.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.* Clara Miller Krag.  
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",  
March 17, 1935.

## CONFESSION

I looked upon a rainbow  
In wonderment, and cried,  
"Your coloring is beautiful,  
But what have you beside?"

The rainbow answered, blushing,  
"It's handsome, I agree;  
But really the coloring  
Is all there is of me."

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.* Albert W. Macy.  
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",  
June 30, 1935.

## THE CONCERT

I could have wept to hear him sing—  
Poverty is a cramping thing;  
The need to be clothed and housed and fed  
When I was wanting songs instead.  
Poverty is a numbing thing—  
But I could have wept to hear him sing.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.* Ruby Robinson Wise.  
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",  
October 20, 1935.

## THE ANNA HUMMING-BIRD

Wee humming-bird on nectar quest,  
With burnished throat and crimson crest,  
You come the same hour every day,  
Have you a time-piece? Tell me pray!

Each day at three I hear your wings,  
That softly whirr like muted strings;  
Among my brightest flowers you play;  
Have you a time-piece? Tell me pray!

No eyes can see how fast you go;  
You fly so swiftly to and fro;  
At three-fifteen, you dart away;  
Have you a time-piece? Tell me pray!

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.*      *Anna Maria Wirth.*  
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",  
*January 13, 1935.*

## KING GEORGE V.

For five and twenty years you stood the test  
Which proves a monarch's worth to great and small.  
Together with your queen you've reached a crest  
Of popularity admired by all.

With honor you have worn that kingly crown  
Which represents an empire strong and brave;  
In true democracy you led, and down  
The years have marched with time, both gay and  
grave.

And now your empire rises to a man  
In admiration of your work well done.  
As king, as friend, as head of all the clan,  
They offer you the homage richly won.

The love and loyalty your subjects bring  
Are centered in their prayer—"God Save Our King."

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.*      *Gertrude Hood McCarthy.*  
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",  
*June 2, 1935.*



## APRIL SKIES

Spring is dancing on the hills,  
    Budding alders trailing low,  
Bending over singing rills  
    Wave their branches to and fro.  
    Laughing April skies are blue.

Tree friends clap their hands and sing,  
    Heeding nature's early call,  
Birds arrive on flitting wing,  
    Building nests in tree-tops tall.  
    Laughing April skies are blue.

Dust-clad grasses bathed with rain,  
    Every forest turning green,  
Yellow blankets on the plain  
    Where the dandelion is seen.  
    Laughing April skies are blue.

Whistling winds have gone their way,  
    Breezes laughing everywhere  
Dance through April into May—  
    Soft and balmy is the air.  
    Laughing April skies are blue.

*The Paterson (N. J.) Call.    Jessica Moreland Young.*  
*"Noteworthy Poems For Your Album."*

## OLD TIME DREAMS

She was bent and old as she stood in the cold,  
With her little wares to sell  
And we knew from the burdens which weightied her  
    heart,  
That tragedies often fell.

But a gleam in her eyes as of fairer skies,  
A pride in her shapely head,  
Told of things which blessed in the years now gone,  
Of loved ones perhaps long dead,

Of a dream she knew that had come true,  
In a world now far in the past,  
Where her lonely soul would ever dwell,  
Till the angels called at last.

*The Paterson (N. J.) Sun.*

*Ramona Moore.*

## ARMISTICE EVENING

The sun has set on Flanders field  
Above the sleeping dead,  
As one by one the tapered stars  
Gleam softly overhead.

The cool wet rains have touched each cross  
And left them white with tears,  
For those whose love enshrined our peace  
Through all the passing years.

The silent moments quickly gone,  
The tribute softly spoken,  
They cannot fan the smouldering torch  
Or right those treaties broken.

We must have visions stronger far  
Their victory to retain,  
If Flanders field, so still tonight,  
Be not disturbed again.

*The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.* Charles Bancroft.  
November 11, 1935.

## EYE-RICHES

I have no wealth within my hands,  
But with my eyes I own all lands;  
And though no coins my purse may hold  
My eyes are rich in autumn gold.

*The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.* Myrtle G. Burger.  
"Rhymes and Ripples", October 31, 1935.

## WHEN SPRING IS WEARING HER BRIDAL WREATH

When spring is wearing her bridal wreath  
And carries a shower-bouquet,  
Each tree puts on a shining sheath  
To meet the buds of May.

The hills are altars banked with flowers,  
Tall candles touch the sky,  
When spring is married to summertime  
And the days of the honeymoon fly.

*The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Observer. Marie Tello Philips.  
March 14, 1935.*

## THE WAILING WALL

We do not have to seek the town  
Dear to our hearts, Jerusalem,  
To weep a glory trampled down  
By time's intolerant stratagem;  
Each heart, however great or small,  
Has its own ruin; its Wailing Wall.

It may be we have loved too much  
A temple glittering in the sun,  
Or some dear idol knows the touch  
Of crumbling years. And one by one  
We weep by lichened stones that lie  
Beneath a gray or cobalt sky.

With tear-wet eyes we plead and pray  
That some gone loveliness return,  
The bronze feet for the feet of clay.  
O anguished ones that dare to yearn  
For joy from grief, honey from gall;  
Your heart, my heart, love's Wailing Wall!

*John Richard Moreland.  
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.  
"Oregonian Verse", August 18, 1935.*

## WINTER VICTORY

The threat of the ax in the grove rings hollow;  
Along the furrow the seagulls follow  
After the pitiless cleaving share;  
With a blade of sound that knifes the air,  
A train draws out of a distant station;  
This is the hour of separation.

The flame is quenched as the snows impend,  
The ash turns cold at the ember's end,  
And the birch with a courage gay but brief  
Casts down a last defiant leaf.  
Only the heart accepts the frost  
With a wound unseen for a summer lost.

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.      Phillis Morden.  
"Oregonian Verse", December 15, 1935.*

## YOU WERE ASLEEP

You were asleep when the geese went over  
Ploughing the stars like summer clover.  
You were asleep, and your breath as light  
As the silent wind that stirred the night;  
You were asleep, and your breath as soft  
As the downy breasts that whirled aloft.  
You were asleep, and your breath as soft  
Sought the window and searched the skies  
For the feathered host that dared the night  
And clove the dark in their urgent flight.  
My soul arose on the wings of song  
And dared the heights with that siren throng  
I tuned my ear to their plaintive note  
And joined their song with a pulsing throat.  
My wings were wide and my soul was strong  
As I brushed the stars the whole night long,  
You were asleep when the geese went by,  
And I, alone, embraced the sky.  
The night is past and the geese are gone—  
I seek your arms in the shivering dawn.

*Irma Grace Blackburn.  
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.  
"Oregonian Verse", September 15, 1935.*

## NIGHT WALKING

I go with those who love the night,  
Following with zest;  
My lantern is a glowworm's light,  
My goal a gray moth's quest.

I watch the starry patterns pass  
In silvery pageantry;  
One cricket, tinkling in the grass,  
Is song enough for me.

I love the voices of the dark,  
The hooting of an owl;  
I thrill to hear a red fox bark,  
A beagle's answering howl.

Come, walk across the fields with me,  
Climb up the pasture hill,  
See more than eye can see:  
Hearing a whippoorwill.

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Harry Elmore Hurd.  
"Oregonian Verse", October 20, 1935.*

## DECEMBER

Furred in the thickened twilight of the year  
December stands, her finger on her lips,  
The slumbertime of baby Earth is here  
And mountain pillows in their snowy slips  
Are smooth and white beneath a candle star.  
The trees are all undressed, the sun has gone,  
The crescent moon is riding high and far,  
Her horns upturned to hang a dream upon.  
The gardens where the springtime blossoms are  
Now sleep behind gray shades, securely drawn.

December stands beside an open door  
Jeweled with Christmas, flushed with festive cheer,  
The perfect guest, who, smiling, leaves before  
The regal entrance of another year.

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Edith Cherrington.  
"Oregonian Verse", December 22, 1935.*

## POEM IN ORGANDIE

My poet-neighbor has a pen  
To fashion singing words;  
Her lines of beauty, love or men  
Soar up like winging birds.

My needle flashes in the sun  
While swift my fingers ply  
In folds a pixie might have spun  
To net a dragon fly.

When Mary dances, rhythmical  
And gay in frock of blue,  
Should poets scorn me when I call  
My child a poem, too?

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Louise Crenshaw Ray.  
"Oregonian Verse", December 8, 1935.*

## OLD POOL

In my youth the ripples broke your surface  
While the wind disturbed the peaceful day,  
And the leaves masked mirrored depths of shadows,  
Yet your heart was deep where silence lay.  
In the space between the broken years  
While my petty joys were cast aside  
I returned to seek your calming peace;  
To release the force that had not died.  
Ripples on the surface sigh—  
Waters cannot live . . . or die.

*Margaret Scott Copeland.  
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.  
"Oregonian Verse", June 23, 1935.*

## SONG SPARROW IN NOVEMBER

"After the silence, the song,  
After the storm, the sun;  
God winning right from wrong,  
Rest, after toil is done!"

"After the darkness, the dawn,  
After the watching, the day;  
Peace, after pain is gone,  
Light at the end of the way!"

This is the song you trilled,  
Bird with the God-given voice!  
And the heart that was empty, you filled;  
For you wakened the soul to rejoice!

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

*Mary Alethea Woodward.*

## PILGRIMAGE

On lost Atlantis did you call my name  
And wait for me where strange exotic trees  
Grew fair as gardens of Hesperides?  
And did you watch for me with heart aflame . . .  
And then I wonder, did we find the same  
Uncertain apperceptions such as these  
Of former meetings on our odysseys,  
As down the dim forgotten years we came?  
This pilgrimage that leads from where to where  
Shall find our love undying to the end . . .  
The future swathed in folds of mystery  
Does not disclose the fate we yet may share . . .  
But glimpses of the distant past portend  
That we shall meet beyond eternity!

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Harriet Mills McKay.*  
*"Oregonian Verse", November 3, 1935.*

## OCTOBER CHANT

Amber . . . russet . . . scarlet . . . yellow,  
Turn the leaves of larch and willow,  
Grapes cling to the sagging vine,  
Their jovial bellies tight with wine.  
The tiny thuddings in the dusk  
Are nuts soft-pushing from the husk  
To lie in heaps among the mould—  
Crimson . . . amber . . . russet . . . gold.

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.* Muriel Thurston.  
"Oregonian Verse", October 6, 1935.

## STREAMLINED

Considering the lonely albatross;  
Its slim-winged motivation and its grace;  
The tirelessness wherewith it drives across  
White desolations of antarctic space;  
And slowly, surely learning lessons of  
The golden eagle's flair for scaling height;  
Aye, even thinking on the fan-tailed dove  
Has man achieved the principles of flight.

Equipped with pinions now, he hurdles gales,  
And migrates, mallard-wise, around the world.  
Or by a long, gull-breasted train is whirled  
From sea to sea on tenuous miles of rails.  
When man became bird-conscious, heart and mind,  
He coined a lovely word for speed—streamlined.

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.* Ethel Romig Fuller.

## MOON'S PHASES

The New Moon is a yellow beak curved well  
To trill thin music hidden from the ear;  
First Quarter is a singing coral shell  
Reëchoing the bass of buccaneer;  
Last Quarter is a golden bell hung high  
Above the city's brazen clang of light,



Within the windy tower of the sky,  
Resolving starry music from the height.  
The Full Moon is a white drum booming out  
A Mardi gras roulade that calls *come, come*  
The sky is festivaled with stars in rout  
Of dancing red and gold, sapphire and plum—  
Beat, white drum, beat crescendo, beat, heigh-ho,  
*For beauty now has dropped her domino!*

*The Rocky Mountain News.* Irene Wilde.  
"The Poets Rendezvous", January 20, 1935.

### THE AMBITIOUS MOTH

Last evening, when the lamps were lit,  
And amber painted every pane,  
Against the casement, with his wings  
A moth—frail insect—beat in vain.

The beauty of it all he saw  
But not the peril of the thing;  
And so he struggled on and on  
And tired both watcher and his wing!

A blaze of glory flamed before  
His little eyes, and yet the glass,—  
A strange impenetrable wall,—  
Defied, and would not let him pass!

Destruction waited him within,  
Without, the darkness safety meant;  
And still attracted by the glare  
He strove, and would not be content.

I mused beside the evening panes,  
With eyes of wonder peering thro';  
And does the glory that we seek  
Contain a hidden danger, too?

*The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.* Arthur Goodenough.

## OCTOBER GARDEN

A sheath of tarnished silver lies upon  
Its flowers, sucked soulless by the vampire frost,  
Nor can they lift their heads as mounting sun  
Smiles, calmly golden, in a sapphire heaven  
Vainly repenting what the night has done.

*The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. Katherine Scholl Smith.  
October 14, 1935.*

## THUMBS OUT

All our highways, car-congested,  
Coast-to-coast are now infested  
By an army marching (minus fifes and drums.)  
To pioneers peripatetic,  
To whom walking is pathetic,  
Riding roadways by the new style rule of thumbs.

Now the average gent debating,  
Waves his hands, gesticulating  
Like a deaf-mute making speech to other dumbs.  
But the hiker migratory  
Who's the hero of this story,  
Waxes eloquent on nothing but his thumbs.

In the old, old days revered,  
He who boldly pioneered  
Overland, when men were 40-minute eggs,  
Counted not on lifts extended  
But courageously depended  
For his transit on the stoutness of his legs.

Men were men, let none mistake it,  
In the days when legs "could take it;"  
More like cacti than effete chrysanthemums.  
Now the hiker (he who hitches)  
Has but one reliance, which is  
The stamina and staunchness of his thumbs.

*The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

*Bob Farley.*

## MONOLOGUE

Futilely, I order, "Heart, be quiet."  
Memories of you in swirling riot  
Lash the rocks of reason like an ocean,  
Wild with a delirious emotion.

Quiet, while we two share wind and weather?  
While an hour can bring our hands together?  
Time enough for quiet, when years sunder  
Word from answer, loveliness from wonder!

*The Salt Lake City (Utah) Tribune. Elinor Lennen.  
April 28, 1935.*

## THE CHRIST CHILD WALKS ON CHRISTMAS

Soft as the flakes of the driven snow  
The light, white feet of the Christ child go,  
Seeking, seeking on Christmas Day,  
The poor and lonely, the rich and gay.

You may not know His knock on the door,  
You may be deaf to His tread on your floor;  
Only the tender of heart may hear;  
Only the merciful know He is near.

*Anna Blake Mezquida.  
The San Francisco (Calif.) Call Bulletin.  
December 25, 1935.*

## MOTHER LOVE

Deep in the heart of a patient life,  
Guiding each step from dear babyhood,  
Lies a love so great, that nothing of strife  
Can enter, just blessings, and all that is good.

Years roll on and babies grow up,  
Leaving the home that shielded with love,  
Spreading their wings for the world's applause,  
Learning each step in the Wisdom above.

Throughout the years, the memory and faith  
Given them each day when they were young,  
Faith in themselves, faith in God's beautiful earth,  
Lives on undiminished, like a song unsung.

*The Santa Cruz (Calif.) Sentinel. Cora Lee Fairchild.*

## A GYPSY'S DREAM

I ever loved a driftwood fire  
With pine trees overhead,  
The drifting wood-smoke's acrid tang  
And balsam boughs for bed.

I ever loved free, sweeping winds  
That race across the hill  
And set the tree tops echoing  
Sweet music, strange and shrill.

I ever loved a barren cliff  
Flung high above the sea;  
To wander lonely, wooded shores,  
Ah . . . This was life to me!

To see far ships go sailing by  
Upon the distant blue,  
Bound for strange shores and alien,  
For lands I never knew . . .

Oh, some day let me rove again  
And hear the high winds singing,  
And follow with my hungry eyes  
The free, wild sea-birds' winging.

No wings have I . . . But I can dream  
Beside my driftwood fire;  
Can still my hungry heart  
With dreams, of my desire . . .

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*  
"Seattle Stardust."

*Josephine Ingram.*

## GOOD INTENTIONS

"Come and see me." "Yes, I will—"  
The words are hollow, and echo still;  
Days go by in an endless chain  
With only an inch or so of gain.  
"Come and see me . . ." Another year ends.  
In heaven, I hope there is time for friends.

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*  
"Stardust", August 24, 1935.

*Helen Maring.*

## CAPRICIOUS FATE

Out where a sail goes down the west,  
My heart is, early and late;  
It follows the tide-wave's wild request—  
But to follow a plow is my fate.

Each furrow made, to me a wave,  
Goes rippling down the trail;  
It matters not, what my heart may crave—  
A plow is the ship I sail.

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*     *Anna White Hardinger.*  
"Seattle Stardust", June 7, 1935.

## THE MOTHER

You ride in a carriage  
When you go into town,  
Dressed in costly sables  
And a fine silken gown.

I walk dressed in gingham,  
For I have no other,  
But I am far richer;  
Three sons call me mother.

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*  
"Seattle Stardust."

*Ann Buell Stark.*

## REQUIEM

Scatter my ashes where you will!  
The dust will find its own dust still.

Strew all my dreams on some fair spot;  
For I will wake, and need them not.

Say, if you shall recall my name,  
He lives, he loves, he is the same.

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*                      \*    *Douglas Hurn.*  
"Seattle Stardust."

## SEA GULLS

Wild sea gulls, I love your silver and gray,  
Like the blending of night with the dawn of the day,  
And your slow graceful winging, soft flowing and free,  
It seems like the lift and swell of the sea.  
When I see you ride out on the winds, fearless, high,  
When you circle and poise in the depths of the sky,—  
When you top the snow crest of the oncoming wave,  
And the dark trough below seems a bottomless cave,  
And I see the wide curving of storm-beaten wings,  
I sense a dim vision of primeval things.  
I see far behind me a world that is new  
With black skies just rent and light falling thru.  
And I feel you belong to a time when the earth  
Was hidden in vapors, when chaos gave birth  
To wild things like you that dare the storm sky  
And spread their gray wings over ships going by.

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*                      *Emily Patterson Spear.*  
"Seattle Stardust."

## MY HOUSE

Some may crave a mansion  
Set on a hilltop high,  
Proclaiming, "Thus and Thus I've climbed."  
To every passer-by.

Some may crave a little house  
To dwell in all alone;  
I care not what my house may be;  
Large, small, of wood or stone.

But let there be at least one friend  
To come at close of day  
And with his glad companionship  
Drive thoughts of care away.

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*      *Robert W. Osmond.*  
"Seattle Stardust."

## NIGHT

The splendid pageant of the sun has vanished from our  
view,  
And purple curtains fall apart where night is stealing  
thru,  
She wears a jeweled veil of blue, a regal diadem,  
And iridescent pearls adorn her trailing garment's  
hem.  
She touches with her fingertips the weary eyes that  
weep,  
And, with sweet silence on her lips, she hushes them  
to sleep.

*The Seattle (Wash.) Star.*      *Martha Bailey Proctor.*  
"Seattle Stardust."

## THANKSGIVING

Dear Lord! My heart to Thee I lift,  
In thankfulness for every gift,  
For Thou hast given the grace, to me,  
In good or ill, Thy hand to see.

For friends and kin; for hearth and bed;  
For raiment and my daily bread;  
For wind and rain; for frost and snow;  
For moon and stars; for sun's warm glow;  
For grass and plants of every kind;  
For health of body and of mind—  
I thank Thee!

For tasks that bring me restful sleep  
And all my senses active keep;  
For hardships that I have endured;  
For heartaches that the years have cured;  
For knowledge, through experience gained;  
For peace of heart and mind attained—  
I thank Thee!

For that which makes me feel and know  
Another's greater care and woe;  
For faith that keeps my courage strong;  
For hope that fills my heart with song;  
For fortitude of mind and will;  
For surety Death bears no ill—  
I thank Thee!

Throughout each year, in every test,  
Dear Lord! I'll strive to do my best,  
If Thou wilt grant me, as I pray,  
A grace sufficient for each day.

*The Shannon City (Iowa) Messenger. Louise Mathern.  
December 5, 1935.*

## MARCH CAPRICE

The March wind sweeps its first warm breath  
Across the snowclad stubblefields,  
Where unborn flowers swell the breast  
That winter drapery conceals.

A March blue sky, washed clean by rain,  
Bends down to kiss the flowers awake,  
And lend a fragment of its blue  
To rushing stream and quiet lake.

The mad winds shriek with fiendish glee—  
A gypsy gay, with wildblown hair —  
They twist and bend the naked tree  
And start the sweet sap flowing there,



Who could resist her gay caprice—  
This pagan maiden in mad fling?  
To all her fickle charms we bow  
As March unlocks the door of Spring!

*The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.*     *E. Beulah Hauser.*  
*March 20, 1935.*

## SIGNS

Thunder heads a stackin' high,  
Dark and shaggy in the sky,  
Showers a comin' by and by,  
      'Mebbee Rain.

Geese a honkin' near the shed,  
Clouds a hangin' low o'erhead,  
Chickens startin' off to bed,  
      'Mebbee Rain.

Weather vane a pointin' right,  
Moon behind a cloud last night,  
Most so dark one needs a light,  
      'Mebbee Rain.

*The Springfield (Mo.) Leader.*

*Carl B. Ike.*

## MARINE AVIATOR

Your eyes held green  
And blue, like water—  
Aquamarine  
Rememberings . . .  
Sea-flight; the barter  
Of life for wings.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.*     *Louise Crenshaw Ray.*  
*"The Gulf Gleam", November 6, 1935.*

## CHIFFON AND PEARLS

There is no moon, yet this is not a night  
Of diamonds and black velvet.  
The sky is a wisp of dark chiffon, the light  
Of distant stars is sheen of pearls—one falls  
With swift and shining splendor,  
In its wake  
Leaving a trail of stardust, as I make  
A silent wish that life henceforth may be  
As lovely as this night, and all its brief  
Ecstatic moments burn as quietly  
As these pale stars . . .  
Not brilliant, nor too deep,  
As diamonds and black velvet, but serene,  
Calm in a universe that madly whirls,  
May life be like this night,  
Chiffon and pearls.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.*

*Eva Byron.*

*"The Gulf Gleam", October 18, 1935.*

## FORGOTTEN LIPS

Pale is the moon, and faint her rustling tread  
Along the pathways as she stirs a leaf  
To short-lived memory, and lifts a dead  
Dry wind and drops it on forgotten lips—  
Lips that long spoke of her, now tasting grief  
She tenders on her whited finger-tips.  
Dark is the earth, and dark the shielding bough  
Stretched out in loneliness against the sky  
Like human souls drawn out in ink. Oh, how  
These poor forgotten lips of mine grow weak  
With memory's cold kiss. Oh, how they cry  
The moon to shift her tread, the bough to speak!  
Forgotten lips, forgotten lips, poor things,  
Chilled by the breath of grey rememberings.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.*

*Russel St. Claire Smith.*

*"The Gulf Gleam", January 2, 1935.*

## FROM OUT ALL MOMENTS

From out all moments sold within this mart  
Called Life, I chose from arrogant display,  
Nor wondered what would be the price I'd pay  
For one sweet shining hour with you—to start  
Together down that glowing road, and chart,  
We two, that dim remembered mystic way,  
So strewn with passion's flaming blooms; to stray  
Along the secret paths. But love's a tart!  
This love that came so lightly to my heart  
Is shrivelled now, a faded thing, and gray,  
Too hard for words to tell its sad decay,  
And soon is not too soon for us to part!

Ah bitter 'tis to find that Love grows cold,  
But far, far worse to learn that we are old!

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Dorothy Stewart.*  
"The Gulf Gleam", October 11, 1935.

## LEVELED

I wanted to fly  
And press my face against the warm blue clouds  
In the sky;  
But you said, "No—  
Let us walk in the deep cool valleys  
Where blue streams flow."

I wanted to fly  
And touch the silver points on the stars  
In the sky;  
But you said, again,  
"No—let us wander down a forsaken lane  
Beneath silver dripping rain."

Now . . . you stand gazing at the stars . . .  
You . . . who have tired of earthy things;  
You . . . who filled me so with earth  
I have no need for wings.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Mary Elizabeth Dean.*  
"The Gulf Gleam", October 17, 1935.

## NO MEASURE CAN THEY KNOW . . .

Too oft you passed the threshold of her door  
And touched dry hands, her drier lips as well;  
Consuming habit cast its deadening spell  
And held you fast within its rotten core.  
What could she know of driven souls that pour  
Their selfless selves as from a boundless well?  
Who measures both her heaven and her hell  
Can never spend of passion's vaster store.

No measure can they know who seek a lover,  
No time may count, nor stars, nor space nor mind,  
And yet . . . I would that you should know my need  
In that it follows where your own may lead.  
Ah, Lad, perhaps some day you'll wake and find  
My heart in yours and yours my own shall cover.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Miriam Rothschild.*  
*"The Gulf Gleam", September 13, 1935.*

## NO OTHER APRIL

No other April will the jonquil bud  
And burst in splendor from the pale cocoon;  
And not again will berry blossoms flood  
The tangled thorn where Springtime's silver shoon  
Have lightly stepped. No gentle, perfumed May  
Will dapple every verdant crest and slope,  
And never shall autumnal moons assay  
The swelling, golden grains of fertile hope.

They lied that said forever Spring would sow,  
And Summer cherish well, and Autumn reap,  
For fast around my heart eternal snow  
Has blanketed in an eternal sleep  
The frozen embers ardent Love once fed.  
Oh, where have Spring and Love together fled?

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Harriette Rothschild.*  
*"The Gulf Gleam", April 19, 1935.*

## OLD TIMER

I was born in Texas,  
And Texas lives in me;  
Roaring of the prairie wind,  
Murmur of the sea.

Laughing men on horseback,  
Grim tales of Alamo,  
Flowers, fancy, fever  
As the west winds blow.

I was young in Texas,  
And Texas bound my love;  
With a thousand stars aglow,  
Lone Star blazed above.

Texas lazily stretching  
From ocean beach to height,  
Desert and river and plain,  
Sublime in all its might.

I grew up in Texas;  
Its shadow lies on me;  
Whisper of the border fight,  
Menace of the sea,

Cattle dead on ranges  
In endless days of drouth,  
Trouble ever darkening  
Away to the South.

I have gone from Texas;  
Its breath is with me still;  
Soft white nights on plains,  
Yuccas on a hill.

Echoes of hoofbeats haunt  
Calm fields where now I roam,  
And so it will be till comes  
Death to call me home.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Margaret Matthews.  
"The Gulf Glean", May 14, 1935.*

## THE SEAFARER

What do I care for the streets of towns?  
Why should I walk on the roads of men?  
I have a river that journeys down —  
Down where the paths of the sea begin.

Down to the Gulf with its shell-strewn edge,  
Down to the shoals where the herons wade;  
Back to the sight of my mangrove hedge—  
Give me a sea that is blue and jade!

Give me my boat with its white sails spread;  
Let me but journey a tropic sea;  
I am a gipsy in heart and head—  
I would but roam where my soul is free!

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.* *Lynn Russell.*  
"The Gulf Gleam", June 21, 1935.

## TO THOSE IN NEED

My heart goes out in yearning  
To you . . . and you . . . each day;  
I bless you in the morning  
And every night I pray  
That God who cares for sparrows  
That even one should fall—  
Will hold you in His keeping  
And hear your lightest call.

That He, who on the hillsides  
Vast multitudes once fed,  
Remembering your urgent needs  
Will, daily, give you bread;  
That He who is omnipotent  
Shall keep you brave and true,  
And give your hands their meed of work  
And guide the feet of you.

God grant to you His gift of grace,  
And lend your courage wings;

Help you to see the loveliness  
In simple, common things.  
That He, dividing wisely  
The darkness and the light,  
Will give you hope at dawning  
And peaceful rest at night.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.* Virginia Eaton.  
"The Gulf Gleam", February 8, 1935.

## QUIET NIGHTS

Beyond my window silver stars that glow  
Dimly and far away like harbor lights;  
And little unshod winds that swiftly go  
Down avenues of silence . . . On the night's  
Pale duskiness the barren branches trace  
Hieroglyphics, strange to dream-filled eyes;  
Across the earth and dim uncharted space  
The silence like a benediction lies.

*The Waterloo (Iowa) Herald.* Virginia Eaton.  
"American Poetry", November 15, 1935.

## A SPANISH SHAWL!

Roses embroider it and in its hue  
Are all the colors of Castilian skies,  
The witchery of dark and laughing eyes,  
The music that forgotten singers knew;  
Mingling with shades of dawn its flowers strew  
Tints that in motion lend the heart surprise;  
For, blending with the dancer, it is wise  
In coquetry and gives to art its due.

Now, yielding to the measures of the dance,  
Light as a web it floats upon the air,  
Spreads out and out until its fringes seek  
The fingers of the watcher, quite by chance,  
Then flutters back upon the dancer's cheek  
And finds contentment, for a moment, there.

*The Wasp-News Letter.* Mabel W. Phillips.  
"The Poets' Corner", February 2, 1935.

## ETHIOPIA, ETHIOPIA

God of our Fathers, come Thou here;  
Protect us, Lord, from the scourge that's near.  
Shall we make battle and kill . . . and slay?  
What is the meaning of it, we pray.

Why should our children wring their hands  
And cry out in fear, while these unknown bands,  
Warring like demons, come in their might  
And put us to death in the dark of night?

God, are You there? Can You hear what we say?  
Come to our rescue, if just for a day.

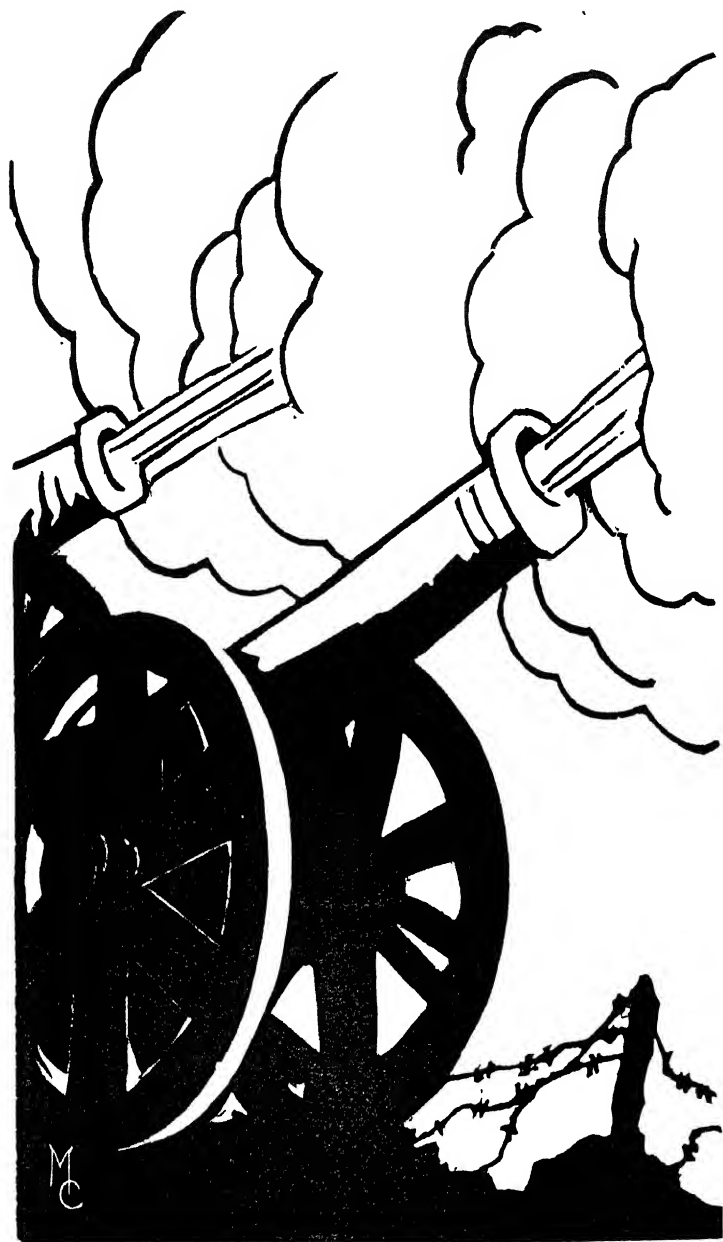
*The Upland (Calif.) News.* —*M. Schaffer Connelly.*  
“*Galleon of Dreams*”, October 25, 1935.

## THE GALLEY SLAVES

Our bleached oars never rested as they dipped deep in the  
brine,  
And the altar on the fore-deck was sprinkled with  
white wine.  
And we burned the sacred incense and bribed the gods  
with vows,  
While steering East from Melito with foam beneath  
our bows.  
And the beating of the gavel kept time with bending  
oars,  
As our galley plowed the waters along the mountain  
shores.  
And the white sails helped the galley outlined against  
the sky;  
We were slaves chained to the benches and doomed to  
do and die.  
When our galley went in action the flaming torches  
flew,  
For our colors had been hoisted and with the soft wind  
blew.  
With our ankles chained to benches—just weary bonded  
slaves,  
We could not hope for freedom—we'd be shackled in  
our graves.

*The Wasp-News Letter.* *William Anderson.*  
“*The Poets' Corner*”, May 25, 1935.







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I express my appreciation and obligation to the following editors, publishers, and authors for the material used in this book:

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